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NEW STUDIES

IN OLD SUBJECTS



J. A. SPARVEL-BAYLY

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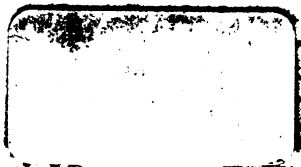
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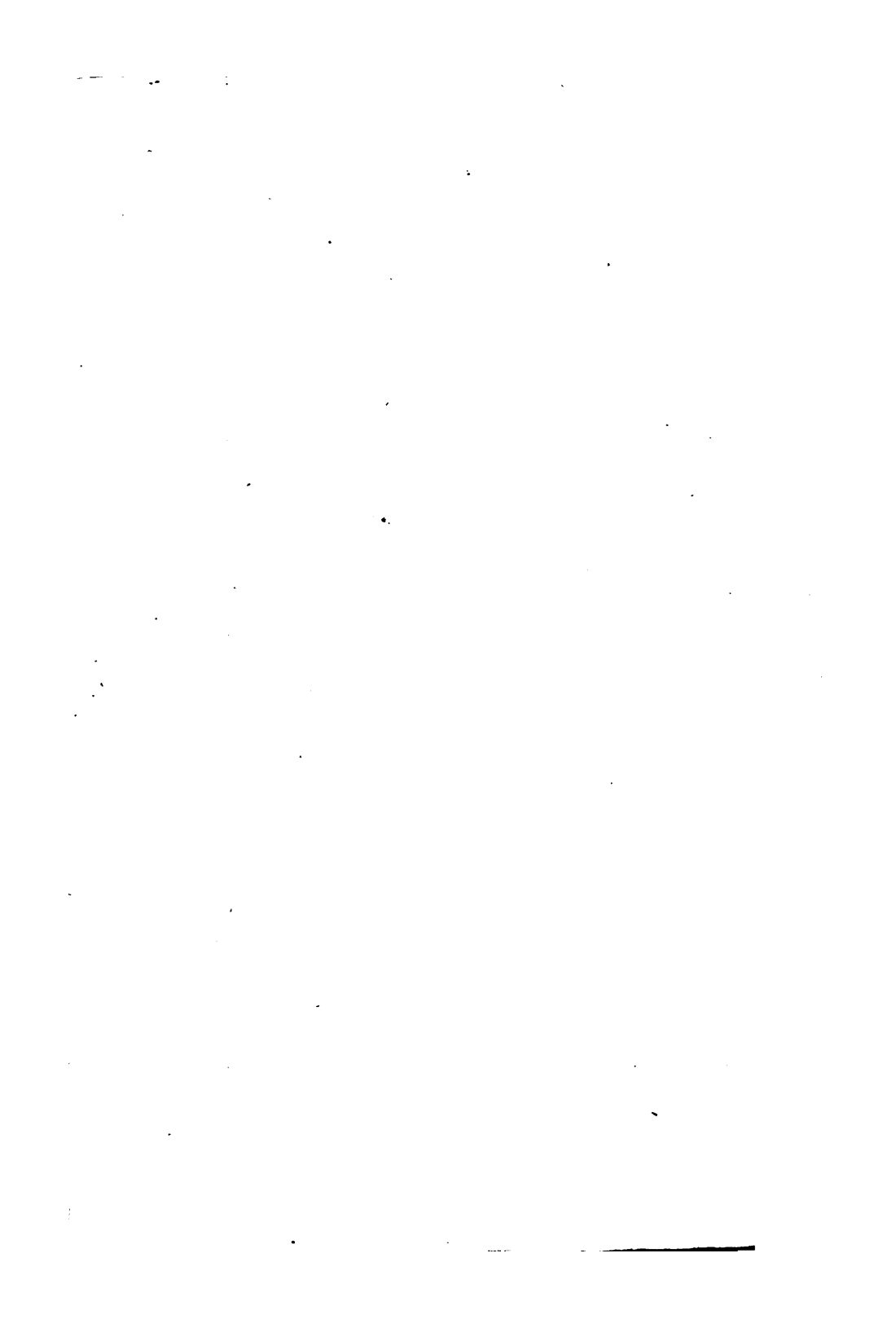
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NEW STUDIES IN  
OLD SUBJECTS.

*John Anthony* BY  
J. A. SPARVEL-BAYLY, F.S.A.

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Mary Good Good.

THESE CHAPTERS  
ARE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE LATE  
REV. J. FULLER RUSSELL, B.C.L., F.S.A.,  
FOR MANY YEARS RECTOR OF  
GREENHITHE, KENT,  
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF  
INNUMERABLE ACTS OF KINDNESS, HOSPITALITY,  
AND FRIENDSHIP.

---

'Let me not lose my faith in good,  
Lest I make less my love for thee.'

TENNYSON,  
'In Memoriam,' Private Ed., 1849.





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[To face "Implements of Warfare."



### *IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.*

**I**N these days of monster guns and mammoth ironclads, it may not prove uninteresting to trace the growth of the implements of warfare. Whatever the motive which led to the invention and use of weapons, whether the object of the inventor was to strengthen his hand for self-defence, or that he might be enabled with greater force to strike aggressive blows, it appears to be certain that, almost from the time of his first appearance upon the earth, man has felt the necessity of arming himself. Possibly, weapons were originally constructed for the purposes of defence, and perhaps the first assailants of primeval man were fierce animals; but it is equally probable that at a very early period man found in his fellow-creature an enemy to be attacked as well as to be resisted. We may be permitted to take the first-born of Adam as the original type of the tyrant and

murderer, and so regard war as perhaps the normal condition of man. It occupies the most prominent position in the history of the world. From the period of the murder of Abel, the hand of man has ever been raised against his fellow.

Clubs and stones were undoubtedly the first offensive weapons, and contrivances to give more propelling force to the stones were first added, and took the form of slings made of strips of skin. With such a weapon the ruddy boy David went forth armed to meet the fierce mailed champion of the Philistines, who with sword and spear would have proved a most dangerous foe at close quarters ; but David demolished the mighty one by a stone hurled with unerring aim by his archaic weapon from far beyond the giant's reach. Then came the bow to cast the stone or bone-tipped spear or arrow. The use of this implement is referred to in the twenty-first chapter of Genesis, where it is stated of Ishmael that God was with the lad, and that he grew, and dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer. Throughout the Old Testament frequent allusion is made to the use of the bow and arrow : the overthrow of Saul was owing to the Philistine archers. The Saracens, who were of the posterity of Ishmael, never put hand to the plough, but got their living by their skill as archers. The Greeks derived their knowledge of the bow from the Scythians, and its use was considered by

them as the most important part of the education of their youth. The Persians, Saracens, and Tartars used bows of a peculiar shape, very similar to that known among ourselves as the *Cupid* bow. These bows required great strength to draw.

It is a most curious fact, and a fact that tends very much to substantiate the idea of the one Eastern origin of man, that that eminent Arctic traveller, the late Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, discovered in actual use among one or two tribes of Esquimaux, bows of precisely similar form to those used so many centuries since by the Saracens. The gallant admiral placed before the writer two cases, one containing bows, arrows, and spearheads brought direct from the hands of their Arctic manufacturers, the other containing the same description of implements, but which had been used by the inhabitants of our own island two thousand years ago. So exactly similar are these weapons in form and construction that it requires the practised eye of an expert to distinguish the one from the other.

In England the use of the bow and arrow was brought to high perfection. It is believed that the longbow was in use before the time of the Saxon invasion; but certainly from the reign of Edward I. it became the favourite national weapon. Under the third Edward its glory was at its height, and the victory over the French at Crécy in 1346, and at Poitiers ten years later, can be ascribed only to

the skill of the English bowmen. Edward III. gave orders to the sheriffs of counties to see that the people employed themselves during their leisure hours in archery instead of in useless or unlawful games.

The grand old poet Chaucer gives the following carefully-drawn description of an archer of his time. He says :

"He was clad in coat and hood of green ;  
A sheaf of peacock arrows bright and keen  
Under his belt he bare full thriftily.  
Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly ;  
His arrows dropped not with feathers low,  
And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.  
His head was like a nut with visage brown ;  
Of woodcraft all the ways to him were known.  
An arm-brace wore he that was rich and broad,  
And by his side a buckler and a sword ;  
While on the other side a dagger rare,  
Well sheathed, was hung ; and on his breast he bare  
A large Saint Christopher of silver sheen."

Under Edward IV. a precept was issued commanding that every Englishman and every Irishman resident in England should have a bow of his own height, and targets or butts were ordered to be erected in every township for the inhabitants to shoot at, and if any person neglected the use of his bow he was liable to be mulcted in a very heavy penalty. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was ordered that every man under sixty years of age, except spiritual men and justices of the peace, should practise shooting, and have a bow with

its sheaf of arrows continually ready for use in his house ; that every father should provide a bow with two arrows for his boy when he should attain the age of eight years.

Bishop Latimer, in one of his sermons, strongly urges the necessity for the practice of archery. He says : " In my time my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as other nations do, but with strength of body."

It was to this practice, this custom of general training by which every man became in fact a soldier, that England owed her great, her grand mediæval victories. No wonder that men so trained, so practised, overcame with such ease the raw, untrained masses of the French peasantry. Their arrows, with irresistible force and unerring aim, penetrated the most expensive knightly armour, or, discharged into the close ranks of men-at-arms, frequently pinned two of England's foemen together.

Sir Walter Scott, in his beautiful dramatic sketch entitled " Halidon Hill," makes the brave old knight, Swinton, say :

" It's a proud word to speak, but he who fought  
Long under Robert Bruce may something guess,  
Without communication with the dead,  
At what he would have counsell'd. Bruce had bidden ye



Review your battle-order, marshall'd broadly  
 Here on the bare hillside, and bidden you mark  
 Yon clouds of Southron archers, bearing down  
 To the meadow-lands which stretch beneath.  
 The Bruce had warn'd you, not a shaft to-day  
 But shall find mark within a Scottish bosom,  
 If thus our field be order'd. The callow boys  
 Who draw but four-foot bows shall gall our front,  
 While on our mainward and upon the rear  
 The cloth-yard shafts shall fall like death's own darts."

And further on the same knight observes in reply  
 to the Regent, who had remarked :

"If their shot fall like hail,  
 Our men have Milan coats to bear it out."

\* \* \*  
 "Never did armourer temper steel on stithy,  
 That made sure fence against an English arrow.  
 A cobweb gossamer were guard as good  
 Against a wasp-sting."

"An English archer," said the late Emperor Napoleon in his "History of Artillery," "who in a single minute was unable to draw and discharge his bow six times with a range of two hundred and forty yards, and who in those six times once missed his man, was very lightly esteemed."

The crossbow has been known for about eight hundred years. It was introduced into France by the early Crusaders and was used by the French in the year 1108; but its use was principally confined to the defence of fortified places and in naval actions. Richard I. of England was slain by a shaft from a crossbow, while besieging the castle of Chaluz in 1199. The effects of this weapon

were considered so cruel that its use was actually forbidden by the Ecclesiastical Council of Lateran held in 1139, as being hateful to God and totally unfit to be employed among Christians, although its use was permitted against the enemies of Holy Church. Its continued use, in spite of the prohibition, made Churchmen regard the death of the lion-hearted King of England by one of them as a direct judgment from heaven. Notwithstanding the anathema, the crossbow continued to be used by the English army, Queen Elizabeth, in 1572, undertaking to aid her ally, Charles IX., with six thousand men, armed partly with long and partly with cross bows. At a very early period the use of slings and bows gave origin to many contrivances for protection against their missiles. Men had soon learned to entrench themselves behind mounds of earth and stone, or in towers built of wood, against which arrows and pebbles were of little avail ; so the early ingenuity of man was again taxed to devise means of destruction, and according to the Jewish historian Josephus, Uzziah invented engines to cast huge stones and arrows against the walls and towers of towns. Probably the aries, or battering-ram, was the earliest invented of this class of military engine. The name is derived from the striking end having been usually armed with a mass of iron cast in the form of a ram's head. In its earliest form it was a mere beam or mast so armed, carried by a number

### *NEW STUDIES IN OLD SUBJECTS.*

of men who ran with it against the wall or tower to be attacked.

As time rolled on, it was hung in a frame, and worked by means of ropes and pulleys. Another kind was mounted on wheels; these were frequently very large and of great power, and were in many cases covered by a rude shed to protect the men, frequently more than one hundred in number, employed in manipulating the machine. A Roman author alludes to one battering-ram as being one hundred and eighty feet long, while its iron head weighed more than a ton and a half. Josephus says there was no town so strong, or walls so thick, as to resist for any length of time the continued attacks of these machines; and various were the attempts resorted to by the besieged to minimize their disastrous effect. Fire, stones and missiles of every description were showered down upon them; bags filled with hay, chaff, or wool, were lowered down from the walls to receive and deaden the force of the blow. At times they were overthrown by process of undermining their foundations, while at other times the ropes by which they were worked were severed by means of swords fixed to long poles; and then if no hope remained of successfully defending the wall of a town, a new wall was perhaps raised within the outer one. The ram was frequently used in the sieges of the fourteenth century; and Sir Christopher Wren found

no contrivance superior to it for destroying the massive walls of St. Paul's Cathedral after the Great Fire of 1666. Its latest appearance has been in the present year of grace and civilization, 1889, when it has been used under the authority of a Conservative Government to destroy the miserable huts of some wretched Irish peasants in the county of Donegal. Rather different its use by Dionysius at the siege of Rhegium in the 370th year before the birth of our Saviour, and by Hannibal at Saguntum in the year 290 B.C. At about that time Marcellus laid siege to Syracuse, but, unfortunately for Marcellus, one Archimedes was there at the time, and on his bringing forward a wonderful and enormous machine of this nature fixed upon eight ships, the mighty mathematician destroyed it and them by casting stones of enormous weight upon the contrivance from his newly invented implement of war, called a ballista.

At the battle of Cremona, the Fifteenth Legion used against Vespasian's army a ballista of extraordinary size, which threw stones of sufficient weight to crush whole ranks of soldiers at once, and inevitable defeat must have ensued had not two men succeeded in approaching it unperceived and injured its ropes and springs. The Romans had regular batteries of these machines, using three hundred catapultæ, and forty ballistæ at the siege of Jerusalem. Many of these, we are told, were

capable of casting masses of rock weighing three or four hundredweight, while others threw beams of wood and huge lances twelve cubits long, and to these burning materials were frequently attached.

So late as the siege of Gibraltar, a ballista was used by General Melville for the purpose of casting pieces of rock and live shells at the Spaniards, who were so ensconced under the edge of a rock that his guns could not reach them.

In China, the composition of gunpowder was known in very early days, but probably its use was confined to those pyrotechnical displays which are still so pleasing to the Celestial mind. Philostratus, in his life of Appolonius Tyaneus, written more than fifteen hundred years ago, refers to a people of India who, at the time of the invasion by Alexander the Great, used storms of lightning and thunderbolts to repel the enemy from their walls. The Arabs, it is known, used it at Mecca nearly twelve hundred years since, and as a matter of course later on, in their wars against the Spaniards, by which means it became introduced into Europe.

With the introduction of powder came the use of cannon, which were at first not very favourably regarded ; the construction of the new weapons was so clumsy, and so imperfect, and their results so uncertain, that there was a very general aversion to them as being contrary to the dictates of humanity,

and also as being calculated to extinguish military bravery in the hearts of the knights and men-at-arms of the period. John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, alluding to the use of artillery, says: "Crakys of war were used by Edward III. in his campaign against Scotland in 1327." It is quite clear that they were used by the English at Crécy in 1346, four pieces planted on a little hill doing so much execution among the French troops that the success of the day may to a certain extent be ascribed to the terror and surprise which they created among the French. Hume, on the other hand, says that the invention of artillery was at this time known in France as well as in England, but Philip, in his hurry to overtake his enemy, had probably left his cannon behind him, regarding it as a useless encumbrance.

During the reign of Henry V., orders were issued for eight thousand round stones to be made in the quarries at Maidstone for the use of the King's cannon. The early cannon were not always cast in one piece, but were, indeed, generally formed of bars of iron firmly bound together by hoops. Several guns thus built are now in the Tower, having been fished up from the wreck of one of our early ships of war, the *Rose Mary*, which, after taking part in an action with the French fleet, went down when at anchor off the Isle of Wight in 1544. Three of the guns so recovered still retain

the stone balls which were to have carried death and destruction among the French. The guns employed by Mahomet II. in the siege of Constantinople, in 1453, were so constructed; and even in those early days there existed, as now, a craving for enormous guns and weighty shot. We are assured that three or four of this warlike Turk's cannon threw masses of stone weighing nearly twelve hundred pounds. The Turks had, and still have, in the batteries defending the banks of the Dardanelles several very ancient pieces of artillery, capable of throwing granite bolts weighing five, eight, and nine hundred pounds.

In 1807, when England, being at war with Turkey, sent a squadron, under the command of Admiral Sir John Duckworth, through the Straits of Constantinople, these guns were actually used against us. His Majesty's ships *Royal George*, *Standard*, *Active*, and *Windsor Castle* were each struck by blocks of stone weighing as above mentioned. The aperture made in one of the ships was so wide that, on her commander looking over the side to ascertain the amount of injury sustained, he saw two of his crew thrusting their heads through at the same moment, and the probability is that had the Sultan possessed more expert artillerymen, the English nation might have had to mourn the loss of a fine fleet.

When our ironclad fleet in 1877 slowly steamed

through the Dardanelles, all uncertain as to the reception it would meet with, the officers and men saw these identical guns again manned ready for action, but fortunately prudence prevailed among the Turkish council, and the great guns on either side remained silent. All the ancient cannon were most unwieldy, and could only be fired a few times in the course of each day.

Among the large early cannon still existing is one in the German fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, cast in 1529. It is eighteen feet four inches long, and eighteen inches in the bore. One cast at Ahmednugger, in India, during the year 1685, is called the "Lord of the Plain." Though this gun is only fourteen feet long, it is twenty-eight inches in the bore, and will throw a bolt weighing fifteen hundred pounds; it is now at Bejapoor, and weighs forty-two tons. At Dover Castle we have a curious 58-pounder brass gun, made in Holland, and presented by the States to Henry VIII. It was afterwards mounted at Dover, and became known as "Queen Elizabeth's pocket-pistol," and will, according to tradition, if kept clean and loaded well, carry a ball to Calais Green.

There is also a great gun mounted on the ramparts of Edinburgh Castle, called "Mons" or "Mons Meg." The first appearance of this gun for which we have any voucher is during the expedition of James IV. to besiege Dumbarton.



In the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland of that period, under date of July 14, 1489, we find, "Item. Given to the gunners to drink silver when they cartitt Mons, by the King's command, xviii shillings." At the surrender of Edinburgh Castle, in 1650, this gun appears under a new title, "The great iron murderer, called 'Muckle Meg.'" The name of Mons borne by the gun is generally attributed to its having been cast or made at the town of that name in Flanders; and this probability seems to gather strength from the circumstance of the great gun of Ghent resembling it so closely in model and construction. Hall tells us that James II. of Scotland, in 1460, besieged Roxburgh Castle with his new bombarde, lately cast in Flanders, called the "Lion."

Monstrellet, under the year 1478, has an amusing account of the trial of a "grosse bombarde" carrying a ball of "ccccc livres de fer," made at Tours.

Breech-loading cannon are by many regarded as a modern invention, but half an hour spent in the Tower or the arsenal at Woolwich will dispel that idea, for there we see breech-loading cannon and guns of certainly not later date than 1450 or 1500. A few years ago a party of sponge-divers at the island of Symi discovered on the floor of the sea a large number of bronze guns of various sizes and form. Soon afterwards some were raised, when they proved to be of Venetian make, each bearing

the stamp of the lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice. Apprised of this curious find, General Lefroy placed himself in communication with our vice-consul, through whose exertions three of these guns were obtained for the English Government, and in October, 1871, were placed in the Rotunda at Woolwich. Nine have been fished up, but not one of the largest, of which some are twelve feet long. The three guns in England are supposed to have been made about 1520, and it may reasonably be presumed that they formed part of the armament of some Venetian vessel or vessels of war that went down, but whether sunk through the effect of storm or battle will now never be known.

About ten or twelve years ago, some fishermen, while dredging off Dover, brought up an iron breech-loading gun that had in all probability been under the water for at least four hundred years. Indeed, there are many examples of breech-loading cannon of that date; and one remarkable fact connected with ancient and modern artillery is that, while there exists no great difference between the weight of ancient and modern muzzle-loading cannon of the same calibre, the ancient breech-loader is a great deal lighter — a most important consideration — than its modern representative. Mortars were very early used for casting hot iron balls into towns. Early in the sixteenth century

the explosive shell, under the form of the grenade, made its appearance.

In 1543, Stow tells us, "King Henry, minding wars with France, made great preparation and provision, as well of munitions and artillery as also of brass ordinance, among which, at that time, by one Peter Baud, a Frenchman born, a gun-founder or maker of great ordinance, and one other alien called Peter van Collen, a gunsmith, both the King's fee'd men, conferring together devised and caused to be made certain mortar-pieces, being at the mouth from eleven unto nineteen inches wide; for the use whereof the said Peter and Peter caused to be made certain hollow shot of cast-iron, to be stuffed with fire-work, or wild-fire, whereof the bigger sort for the same had screws of iron to receive a match to carry fire kindled, that the fire-work might be set on fire for to break in small pieces the said hollow shot, whereof the smallest pieces hitting any man would kill or spoil him."

Small shells, or grenades, were sometimes thrown by the hand. Nathaniel Wye, master-gunner of the city of Worcester, in his "Art of Gunnery," published in 1647, tells us that the soldiers of his day were by no manner of means fond of handling the grenade; they were "loath to meddle with the hand granadoes, the using of them being somewhat dangerous."

John Evelyn, in his Diary, under the date of the

29th of June, 1678, says : "Returned with my Lord (that is, the Lord Chamberlain) by Hounslow Heath, where we saw the new raised army encamp'd, design'd against France, in pretence at least, but which gave great umbrage to the Parliament. His Majesty and a world of company were in the field, and the whole army in battalia, a very glorious sight. Now were brought into service a new sort of soldiers called *Grenadiers*, who were dexterous in flinging hand-grenades, every one having a pouch full; they had furr'd caps with coped crowns like janizaries, which made them look very fierce, and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools. Their clothing being likewise pybald, yellow and red."

Hand firearms were introduced into England in 1471. Soon after the death of Henry VIII., the Protector Somerset, knowing and appreciating the value of such weapons, engaged about three thousand foreigners in his service armed with muskets. So heavy were these implements of destruction that they had to be supported on a staff shod with iron, and were frequently armed with a spike or dagger to resist cavalry. These muskets were fired by means of a match. When later on they were reduced in size and weight they were called *calivers*, and further improvements transformed them into the more managable *arquebus*, fired by the wheel-lock introduced in 1509, and said to have been

invented at Nuremburg. It was a very simple contrivance, a small grooved wheel of steel being made to revolve rapidly in contact with a piece of pyrites fixed in a cock-head, the sparks thus produced falling upon the priming of gunpowder placed in the pan. The earliest known specimen, bearing the date 1509, with the maker's mark, is remarkable from its having two cocks. By this arrangement if one piece of pyrites should break, or fail in any way, a second would be at hand and immediately available.

This mode of ignition continued in vogue till the close of the sixteenth century, when it was superseded by the *snap-haance*, or flint lock, evidently suggested by the wheel-lock. It merely substituted a piece of flint for the pyrites, and in lieu of the wheel it had a rough plate of steel. It appears to have been a Dutch invention, and to have had no very dignified origin, because it is stated with some show of authority to have been brought into use by certain nocturnal marauders, called by the Low Germans *snap-haans*—that is, in plain English, hen-snappers or poultry-stealers. These highly respectable gentlemen could not afford wheel-locks, and the light from the older and more economical matches frequently led to their detection and consequent arrest; so necessity being, as we are told, the mother of invention, they devised their own *snap-haance*, little suspecting that it

would be so generally adopted and maintain its supremacy for nearly three centuries, when it fell before the percussion cap of present use.

The dragon was a very formidable kind of blunderbuss, giving to the soldiers who used it the name of *dragoneers*, from whence we derive the modern word "dragoon." Similarly our stalwart grenadiers derive their appellation from the quaintly-dressed throwers of hand-grenades who, in the time of Charles II., so excited Evelyn's curiosity and astonishment. The early small firearms, like the early cannon, were frequently breech-loaders, and sometimes revolvers. In the Tower Armoury there is a match-lock revolver of about 1550. The rifling of gun-barrels may be considered to date in England from about the end of the sixteenth century. The earliest rifled firearm in the Artillery Museum at Woolwich bears the date 1547, and it is an interesting fact that the first recorded notice of the rifle as a military weapon, recommended it, not for its long range or more accurate shooting, but for its penetrating powers against the so-called armour of proof.

At first the alarm created by the introduction of firearms was so great that the knights and men-at-arms of the period became so loaded with defensive armour as to be almost incapable of offensive or even defensive movement. James I. of England, speaking in praise of armour, is reported to have

said, that it not only protected the wearer, but it also prevented him doing any injury to others. The armour worn by a knight in the fifteenth century consisted of:

1. The cuirass, covering the breast and back.
2. The epaulières, guards for the shoulders.
3. The brassarts, arm-guards.
4. The coudières, elbow-guards.
5. The avantcras, guards between elbow and hand.
6. The haubergèon, worn under the cuirass.
7. The cuissarts, to protect the thighs.
8. The genouillères, knee-guards.
9. The greviers, guards between the knee and foot.
10. The soulières, coverings for the feet.
11. The gauntlets, composed of pieces of iron sewn on to thick gloves of strong leather.
12. The helm or helmet, weighing between fifteen and twenty pounds.

With this enormous amount of armour closely fitted and firmly screwed and buckled on, no wonder the complaint arose that it was almost impossible to kill the knights, even when overthrown. It is recorded that in the battle of Fournioisi a number of Italian knights who were unhorsed, and rendered incapable of rising on account of the weight of their armour, could not

be killed until they were broken up with axes, like huge lobsters, by the followers and servants of the victorious army.

After the battle of Waterloo it was proposed to make some change in the uniform of the Life Guards, who then, as now, wore breastplates of steel. During a consultation upon the subject, the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., ordered one of the soldiers who had greatly distinguished himself in that great battle to be brought into the room, and asked him many questions. "Well," at last said the Prince, "if you were going to have another such a day's work as you had at Waterloo, how would you like to be dressed?" "Oh, please your Highness," returned the gallant trooper, "I'd rather be in my shirt-sleeves."

For a long period the contest between armour and firearms continued, the contention being in every way similar to that of our own day between cannon and armoured ships of war. In the palace of the Order of St. John in Rome is a painting of a very celebrated war-galley called the *Sancta Anna*, built at Nice, in 1530, for the knights of that Order. She was sheathed with metal for the purpose of defence against the artillery of that period. This vessel is stated to have been very heavily armed, and to have acquired a great reputation. It is also recorded that she was furnished with ovens, and carried a baker, who supplied day



by day fresh bread to the numerous soldiers and sailors forming her crew.

Thus we see a vessel which, more than three hundred years since, was provided with means of defence and appliances for luxury usually regarded as the invention of our own time. And are not the rams which hitherto have proved more dangerous to friends than foes merely elaborated copies of the iron-beaked war-galleys used by the Romans in their palmy days? So history repeats itself. The old mediæval breastplate was a good defence against sword or lance; but firearms being introduced, the attack became superior. Then the breastplate was strengthened, and the defence for a time regained the advantage; but when the firearm was rifled, it again obtained the ascendancy; and the attack being thus rendered undoubtedly superior, body armour rapidly disappeared.

Now, instead of covering our bodies, we revert to the example set us by the Knights of St. John, and add inch by inch to the thickness of the plates upon our forts and ships of war, till the four-inch plating of the floating batteries, *Thunderbolt*, *Terror*, etc., built during the Russian War of 1854-56, has developed into the enormous thickness of metal forming the armoured protection of such modern additions to our war navy as the recently launched *Trafalgar* and *Victoria*.

Meanwhile, ton by ton is added to the weight of

our guns, until it may fairly be assumed that the new strife between arms and armour will terminate as it ended before, in the armour becoming too heavy for the ships and the guns too ponderous for the gunners. And so once again the picturesque and glorious wooden walls of old England may carry her "meteor flag" o'er every sea, and we with truth be able to again utter the words of the good old song :

"Hearts of oak are our ships,  
Gallant tars are our men."





#### *GOOD QUEEN BERTHA.*

**T**HE tenth century has ever been deemed the darkest epoch of European history. Empires, laws, religion itself were alike dissolving. The nobles were rebels to their kings, and feudal lords, protected by their strong castles and towers perched on mountaintops, dared to shut their massive gates against their liege lords. Superstition had reached its climax, and learning was all but at an end. Profiting by the anarchy and confusion consequent upon so deplorable a state of affairs, innumerable hordes of Asiatics threw themselves year by year, now upon one, now upon another of the unhappy countries of Germany, Southern France, Italy, and Helvetia. They came and destroyed as a whirlwind, leaving nothing behind but smoking ruins, ravaged lands, and a murdered peasantry. Regardless of danger, the snow-clad Alps had no terrors

for them; they took possession of the highest mountain passes, pillaging pilgrims as well as the merchants. In very wantonness they cruelly murdered those who could not ransom their lives; and having destroyed all that they could not carry off, they marched away in triumph, leaving the few survivors at liberty to emerge from the friendly woods and caverns which had sheltered them, and begin anew the cultivation of their fields, all ignorant though they were whether the harvest would be gathered by themselves or by some band of barbarians like those but just departed.

At such a period was born Bertha of Suabia—the royal spinster—destined to be one of those ministering angels, the protector and consoler of the weak, the suffering, the woe-worn. Whenever one of those great families of earth, termed a nation, has existed, and consequently been called upon to fight and suffer, there has sprung up such a one. Sometimes, like the maid of Orleans, she has appeared in warrior guise, leading armed hosts to combat for a righteous cause, or, like our heroine, the personification of light and energetic goodness. Unfortunately, neither the period of the birth nor death of Queen Bertha has been preserved to us; they, with other details of her life, having probably been lost in the fire which destroyed the Cathedral of Lausanne, in A.D. 1216. It is, however, pretty

clear that she was born in either the year 903 or 904, and as she completed the rebuilding of the Convent of Payerne in 963, and subsequently signed some documents bestowing lands for the support of religious edifices, it is more than probable that she attained the usual limit allotted to humanity.

Early in the year 922 she became the wife of Rudolph II., King of Little Burgundy, or the Transjurasse, who within twelve months, urged on by ambition, became involved in a war from which, even if successful, he could gain but little. Rudolph, too young to perceive that there would be more glory and advantage to be derived in dictating to the sovereigns of Italy as their arbitrator, than in usurping their thrones, followed the ordinary course of mankind, for ambition, unfortunately, has ever been the strongest passion of the human heart. Therefore it was that the young King resolved to acquire by the sword the position of pre-eminence among his fellows which he so coveted. His wife, Bertha, was adverse to the undertaking, but her caution was probably ascribed to feminine weakness; and her husband, after evincing his respect for her judgment generally, by appointing her sole regent during his absence, assembled his soldiery at Geneva, and in the spring of 923 set out upon his warlike expedition.

It was now that the Queen Regent began to dis-

play the extraordinary powers of an understanding singularly strong, and a disposition as generous and gentle as her mind was comprehensive. Left to herself, she appears to have grasped at a glance the magnitude and importance of her position, and she thenceforth became the nursing mother of the nation she was appointed to guide and rule. The Canton de Vaud was almost the first object of her affectionate attention, and the Castle of Chavorny her chosen residence. Every morning she sat for hours to receive petitions, for none were excluded from admission, and yet these little levees are stated to have been conducted with some pomp and circumstance of state, for Bertha well knew and appreciated the mighty effect of outward and visible signs upon a rude and unlettered generation. After the Court reception was over, she went forth, attended by her nobles, to suggest and direct plans for the improvement of the country in an architectural point of view, or the amelioration of its people in a moral one. As all Bertha's journeys were of necessity performed on horseback, her attention was directed in an especial manner to the condition of the roads which intersected the country; to the improvement of the existing ones and the formation of new, her untiring energy at once directed itself, and among the most important of the works of this nature effected by the good Queen may be men-

tioned the reopening of the celebrated pass known as "Pierre Pertuis," near the source of the Birs, or Byrse, a singular and most picturesque archway not far from Tavannes, formed in the solid rock, which, during the long ages that had rolled by since its excavation by those famous road-makers of olden time, the Romans, had become blocked up, and thus closed one of the grandest and most romantic passages in Switzerland.

At this period of the world's history religious houses were almost the only means available for softening the rude manners and cultivating the wild wastes of a half-civilized, half-barren country; and from the very commencement of her reign to the close of a long life, Bertha showed herself a friend to such institutions. She knew that they were the sole asylums of prayer, of liberty and knowledge. The lady fleeing from a lawless suitor, whose rank precluded punishment or denial; the peasant fleeing from a cruel bondage, there alike found refuge; the hungry food, the sick health; and there, too, the weakly youth, physically incapacitated from earning renown in the battle-field, had often the energies of a strong mind developed, which, but for the existence of such sacred edifices, might have lain dormant; so that the almost innumerable endowments of this nature, either founded or fostered by this Queen, were in pursuance of the wisest policy,

and not the mere outcome of superstition. Many of her charters, still extant, attest her desire that they should be really beneficial to the nation. "They must, every day," runs one, "exercise works of mercy, with all honest intention towards the poor, strangers, travellers, and the sick."

Bertha, like her great ancestor Charlemagne, had a taste for agriculture, and introduced several kinds of fruits, flowers, and trees sent to her by Rudolph from Italy. Ever indefatigable and careful for the welfare and security of her country, she rode about in all directions that she might herself select the hills and rocks best adapted for the erection of small castles and towers to defend herself and people from the attacks of the Hungarians and Saracens. On a long line from the Alps to the Jura may yet be seen the ruins of many solid little fortresses, still called the towers of Bertha or Bertholo, built at regular distances, so that one could understand and reply to the signals of another. In one of these primitive towers Bertha was herself compelled to seek security from an attack in 927 of a desperate body of Hungarians, who, after burning the convent of St. Gall, carried fire and sword through Argovia.

Unfortunately sorrow, the common lot from which the good and the gifted, the Queen on her throne and the peasant in her cot, are not and can-



not be exempt, was now no stranger to the Queen, for the affections of her husband had, during his absence in Italy, become estranged, and were lavished upon Ermengarde, the beautiful but artful widow of the Marquis of Ivree; but, despite this, she still pursued the even tenor of her way, governing the kingdom, as before this blow to her peace, with vigour and success.

Meanwhile, the affairs of her husband, King Rudolph, grew worse and worse: defeat followed defeat, the favoured and trusted marchioness turned against him, and at last he was forced to abandon all hope of conquering Italy, and was compelled to fly to his long-suffering Queen in Helvetia. Her influence redeemed him, and when he died at Orbe in the year 936, it could justly be said that, if at the commencement of his reign he showed himself proud, ambitious, and pompous, he at its close, owing to the example of his wife, was affable, benevolent, and just.

So important did the distaff appear in the early days of civilization, that Charlemagne had its use taught to his daughters, that idleness might not corrupt their morals, and, thanks to her knowledge of its use, Irene, wife of Leo V., earned her bread while in banishment at Lesbos. The loom and the distaff must have been of paramount necessity in the time of Queen Bertha, and she, knowing full

well that an example is a far more efficient assistant in the guidance of others than even that "line upon line, and precept upon precept" alluded to in Holy Writ, adopted a custom, soon after her husband's departure to Italy, which she seems to have continued for many years—the habit of spinning as she rode upon her little palfrey about the country ; and as she appears to have half lived in the open air, this was clearly about the only work she could find for the occupation of her fingers. Although the delicacy of the present day places Bertha upon a side-saddle, it is certain she rode *en cavalier*. A seal suspended to several charters shows her thus seated, a distaff in her hand, and a page leading the horse, while beneath her effigy is the motto, "Bertha humilis Regina." As we have seen, it was her custom to sit upon her horse for hours inspecting the growth of her gigantic architectural undertakings. It was no vain display to attract popularity, and we are not surprised when we are told that she really spun great quantities of the finest thread, to be afterwards woven for the use of her royal household.

"Just as we spin, of old, 'tis said,  
Queen Bertha used to twine the thread."

After the death of Rudolph, she was again appointed Regent of the kingdom, but was bereaved of the society of her children—her son Conrad for

fifteen years remaining a hostage in the hands of the Emperor of Germany, and her daughter, the Princess Adelaide, marrying when only sixteen years of age. Alone, and nearly friendless, we are not surprised to find the Queen again marrying, this time accepting the hand of her late husband's enemy, Hugh, King of Italy. He, unfortunately, was one of the most unpopular and perhaps unprincipled monarchs of the period, and it was no doubt considered by this unselfish woman a duty to her people to strengthen by this marriage her power of resistance to the Emperor of Germany.

More than nine hundred years have rolled by: time, revolutions, and devastations have swept away most of the monasteries founded by the Queen; the churches she raised from their ruins have been levelled once more to the earth; the fortresses she raised for the defence of her beloved country now afford protection to the tribes of the air; her palaces are in ruins; her children and her children's children are departed—but she lives on. The memory of the good Queen Bertha will never die, for during her term of life she ever worked with a true, faithful, and loving heart.

In 1818 a new black marble slab was placed upon the stone sarcophagus supposed to contain the relics of this truly great and greatly loved Queen.

On it is engraved in Latin the following inscription :

TO BERTHA,  
Of holy and blessed memory,  
The most admirable wife of Rudolph II.,  
King of Little Burgundy.  
Her name is a blessing,  
And her distaff an example :  
She founded churches and fortified castles ;  
She opened roads,  
She cultivated barren wastes ;  
She nourished the needy,  
And was the mother and delight  
Of the Trans-Jurasse, our native land.  
After ten centuries,  
The sepulchre in which, as we are told,  
She was interred :  
Having been found in the year of grace  
MDCCCXVIII.  
The sons, grateful for her benefits  
To their Fathers,  
Have religiously restored it,  
The Senate and the People of the Vaud.





#### *THE VENERABLE BEDE.*

**I**N the year 673 was born a child whose name has been handed down to the present day as a name worthy of love and reverence, as having been borne by one of the best and holiest of the English monks, known to us as the Venerable Bede, whose most famous work, "The Ecclesiastical History," is probably one of the best and safest authorities which we possess of the early annals of our country.

At the mouth of the river Tyne, in the county of Durham, there stood in those ancient days two famous and noble abbeys, the one dedicated to St. Peter and the other to St. Paul. They were founded by a religious Saxon named Benedict, and stood respectively at Yarrow and Wearmouth. It was in one of these monastic buildings, most probably that of Wearmouth, that this good man passed his useful and peaceful life; for at seven years of age, the boy who was one day to become

so important a man was removed from his father's house and consigned to the care of the monks. Of his parents Bede gives no account. "All my life long," he writes, "I spent in that monastery, giving attention to the Holy Scriptures, and teaching likewise reading and writing."

By Benedict, who was abbot of the monastery he himself had erected, the youthful Bede appears to have been held in high favour. The abbot himself was a learned man, and both he and his successor, Ceolfrid, paid much attention to the young man's education. Benedict was so anxious to add to the number of books in the library of his abbey, that he made several journeys to Rome for the purpose of increasing his store, and brought back with him many valuable manuscripts and a large quantity of ornaments for his church.

According to Bede, who wrote his life, this abbot was almost the first person to introduce the fashion of building stone churches, which were very rare in England before this period. "Very rarely," to use Bede's own words, "were buildings of stone seen in Britain before his (Benedict's) time, nor did the solar ray cast its light through the transparent glass."

Benedict or St. Bennett, as he was sometimes called, appears to have cultivated a taste for the beautiful, not common in those times, or at any rate very rare among our Saxon ancestors. In

addition to the valuable manuscripts brought from Rome, he procured pictures representing the actions and life of our Saviour, "in order," as it is expressly said, "that the ignorant might learn from them as others did from books."

In his nineteenth year, Bede took upon himself the office of priesthood, fully determined to live up to the advice given on such an occasion: "Take care that you are wiser and better in your spiritual craft than worldly men are in theirs, so that ye be fit teachers of true wisdom. No priest should be a covetous trader, or oft-drunk in wine houses, nor may he carry arms. Neither a wife nor a battle becometh a priest."

The injunction against being found drunk in public places of resort would at first sight appear utterly unnecessary; but it is scarcely likely that the ecclesiastics of those early days had a much higher code of manners than the more refined section of the laity. This opinion is confirmed when we remember that in the Pænitential of Archbishop Theodore the chance of the clergy taking more drink than was good for them, especially at Christmas, Easter, and the Festival days of Saints, is deliberately provided for. The quotation is somewhat long, but under the circumstances, it is worth giving in full:

"Si quis Episcopus aut aliquis ordinatus in consuetudine vitium habuerit ebrietatis, aut desinat aut deponatur.

"Si monachus pro ebrietate vomitum facit, xxx dies peniteat.

"Si presbyter aut diaconus pro ebrietate xl dies peniteat.

"Si vero pro infirmitate aut quia longo tempore se abstinuerit, et in consuetudine non erit ei multum bibere vel manducare, aut pro gaudio in Natale Domini aut in Pascha aut pro alicujus Sanctorum commemoratione faciebat, et tunc plus non accepit quam decretum est a senioribus, nihil nocet. Si Episcopus juberit, non nocet illi, nisi ipse similiter faciat."

Sir Walter Scott has left us a sketch—a fancy sketch it is true, but one drawn with the intuition of genius—in an account of the christening feast of Witikind the Waster :

"High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,  
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all ;  
And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure  
The scandal, which time and instruction might cure :  
It was dangerous, he deem'd, at first to restrain,  
In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane.  
The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd dry,  
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry ;  
With Kyrie Eleison, came clam'rously in  
The war-songs of Danesman, Norweyan, and Finn,  
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,  
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor ;  
And the tempest within having ceased its wild rout,  
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without."

This extract from "Harold the Dauntless" may possibly afford some idea of the temptation to which the clergy of a partially civilized period were subjected. Bede, however, we may be certain, never yielded, and was not satisfied with giving his attention to merely moral duties, nor to the performance of outward observances alone. Though he was a model moral man, his great superiority



over others of his class consisted in his great love and reverence for the Word of God.

While he was busily engaged in writing the "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," Pope Sergius, hearing of the fame of the Durham monk, wrote to Abbot Ceolfrid a request that Bede might be sent to Rome, where his learning and piety would be of the utmost assistance to him; but Bede declined the honour, foreseeing, perhaps, the dangers and temptations consequent to a sojourn in Rome, and feeling his retirement at Yarrow with his pupils and the precious manuscripts there more advantageous than the splendours of Rome, or prospect of high Church preferment. To Bede we are indebted for the well-known anecdote, which he either invented, or had heard, of St. Gregory making some punning remarks upon the young English children exposed for sale in the market-place at Rome. In reply to his question, being told they were Angli, Bede tells us St. Gregory said, "Non Angli sed angeli forent si fuissent Christiani."

There is a letter addressed to Egbert, Archbishop of York, in which Bede seems to anticipate coming danger to the purity of the Church from the multiplication of religious houses, and the abuses which had crept into those establishments, of which he was himself perhaps the most illustrious product. It is, however, more than probable that true religion would not have obtained a firm hold on the people

if it had not been for the erection of these monasteries. The country being in a condition of perpetual war, and consequently disorder and ignorance, it was absolutely necessary to provide quiet resting-places where safety might be found, where literature and science might be studied, and progress made without interruption. They were centres of light in the midst of darkness; and in the course of time the monks became the builders of schools, the drainers of marshes, the clearers of forests, and a very considerable proportion of their incomes was expended in hospitality, relieving and assisting the poor.

It must be remembered that when Bede wrote his letter to the Archbishop he was very ill; indeed, he had for a long time suffered from asthma, which troublesome complaint he bore with the greatest meekness and patience. There is a very beautiful and touching account of his last hours written by Cuthbert, one of his pupils, and addressed to an old schoolfellow who had left the monastery.

"Latterly," writes Cuthbert, "he had been much oppressed with his breathing, yet he daily read the lesson to us, his disciples (or pupils) ceasing not to give thanks to God with uplifted hands. Oh! truly happy man! Often when between hope and fear he would cry, 'It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.'

"He chanted psalms continually, and admonished us at intervals to put off the sleep of the soul, and

to think of our latter end. By turns we wept, and by turns we prayed, and we wept as we prayed. He often said, when speaking of his sufferings, 'God scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.'

"During the last few days of his fatal illness his principal anxiety was to translate into a language that the people could understand the Gospel according to St. John. When within three days of his death his feet began to swell, but he continued his work, and on arriving at the words, 'What are these among so many?' in spite of his agony, he went on dictating cheerfully, saying: 'Go on quickly. I know not how long I shall hold out.'

"One of us, seeing a change in him, said: 'Dear master, there is yet one chapter wanting. Do you think it troublesome to be asked questions?' 'No,' he said meekly; 'it is no trouble. Take your pen and make ready to write fast.' 'Dear master,' said the young man at last, plainly seeing that death was rapidly drawing near, 'yet there is one sentence more not written.' 'Write quickly,' was his reply, and soon the lad uttered the welcome words: 'It is written.' 'It is well,' said Bede. 'Consummatum est. Truly thou hast spoken the truth; it is indeed finished.'

"And truly it was finished. The good man's work on earth was done, and he was about to rest from his labours. He then begged to be seated opposite to the place where he had been wont to pray, that he might once more lift up a petition

from thence. When placed upon the floor of his cell, he prayed with all his wonted fervour, and while repeating the words of the Gloria, he fell asleep to wake no more on earth."

His death, according to the historian Holinshed, took place in 735. His remains were interred at Yarrow, but it is asserted, and probably with truth, that the body was secretly taken from the church of the abbey by a Durham priest named Elfred, who, having strangely disappeared from his place, at length reappeared with the report that the body of the Venerable Bede had been miraculously translated by angels from its first resting-place in his own abbey to the cathedral church of Durham.

In Durham Cathedral, then, we are told, did the remains of this good man continue, working many miracles, and most certainly enriching the treasury, for thousands upon thousands flocked to his shrine, making there rich offerings of money, with costly jewels and valuable vessels of gold and silver. This went on until the time of Henry VIII., when that covetous sovereign, who so adroitly used the Reformation as a pretext for robbing the rich churches and monasteries of England, demolished the shrine, and coolly appropriated the treasures which it contained to his own use; but the visitor is still shown the resting-place of this good man, who in his life had set so brilliant an example of what a good and true monk should be.



### SAINT HILDERFERTH.

“Come ye from the East, or come ye from the West,  
Or bring relics from over the Sea,  
Or come ye to the Shrine of St. Thomas the Divine,  
And St. Hilderferth of fair memorie.”

**I**N the south aisle of Swanscombe Church, Kent, there once stood the shrine of St. Hilderferth. A writer in the sixteenth century tells us “his picture was yet standing in the upper window.” This must have been the little fourteenth-century Decorated window which is still there, but without the picture, though it contains a fragment of coloured glass, all that probably remained of the *picture* in the general rack, and which, no doubt, had been religiously preserved by pious hands, and inserted at a later date, for we know that in 1547 an injunction was published against feigned miracles, which were to be so utterly destroyed that “there should remain no memory of them in wall, glass windows, or elsewhere within churches.”

St. Hilderferth devoted his miraculous powers to the cure of insanity or melancholia, and we are told by an early writer that distracted folk were accustomed to resort to his shrine in the little church of Swanscombe for the restitution of their wits "as thick as men were wont to sail to Anticyra for Heleboras." Lambarde goes on to tell us the means employed were most natural, ordinary, and reasonable. The cure was performed here by warmth, close keeping, and good diet—means neither strange nor miraculous; therefore, as on the one side they might be thought madmen and altered in their wits that frequented this pilgrimage for any opinion of extraordinary working, so on the other side St. Hilderferth (of all the saints I know) might best be spared, seeing we have the Keeper of Bethlehem, who ceaseth not (even till this day) to work mightily in the same kind of miracle.

Hasted, in his "History of Kent," alludes to the miracle-working saint of Swanscombe as the "unknown bishop"; and in the present day, if by chance the name is mentioned in connection with this peculiarly historic parish, he is generally described as the unknown Saxon Bishop, so shrouded in mystery was he whose miraculous cures of insanity at Swanscombe have rendered his name famous and familiar. The fact of one of the dedications of the Collegiate Church of Gournay, in Normandy, being to St. Hildevert, induced the writer to make

some attempt to elucidate the mystery. And to one of the canons of that Church he is indebted for many particulars of the life and history of the good Bishop Hildevert—Hildebert, or Hilderferth, as the name is variously spelt. He was born in A.D. 617, and early embraced a religious life; and in 672, on the death of Bishop Faro, was elected to the vacant see of Meaux, in France; this dignity he held but for eight years, the good man dying in 680. During the sixty-three years of his life he seems to have done much for the welfare of his countrymen; possessing great riches, he appears to have devoted them to the erection of churches. But as is generally the case with the monkish traditions of the period, it was not till long after his death that we hear of his wonderful powers. More than three centuries had rolled by; the really good and beneficent work done by the Bishop during his lifetime was fast fading from the minds of the people. The churches built by him were, owing to the universal belief in the impending destruction of the world, allowed to fall into decay; and as the thousandth year rapidly approached without bringing with it the long-dreaded and terrible portents of the dissolution of all things, something was needed to stir the flagging zeal of the people and prepare them for the necessary work of church restoration and church building; and what, in those days of spiritual ignorance and gross superstitious belief in miracles, so natural as to endow the bones of the

church-building Bishop with supernatural power? So when some person, affected by melancholia or mania of some description, was praying before the cross in the church of Vignely, where the remains of Bishop Hilderferth rested, and on calling upon the name of that good man suddenly found himself relieved from the delusion under which he had laboured, his first action would naturally be to make some communication to the priest; no marvel the report of the so-called miracle spread far and wide; no wonder that many similarly afflicted hastened to the tomb in certain assurance of speedy relief. The offerings made in grateful recognition of restoration from imagined disease, doubtless soon enabled the authorities of the church to restore and make it worthy of its pious and now wondrous founder. That object effected, the body of the Bishop was removed from Vignely to Meaux, where the same satisfactory result was attained, and we next find the relics carried to Beauvais:

"His body's resting-place of old,  
How oft their patron changed, they told;"

and then the good priests, custodians of so great and profitable a treasure, deemed it not right to confine its benefits to a limited neighbourhood, so selecting a number of religious and faithful men, they entrusted to them this miracle-working body, that they might carry it through the length and breadth of the land for the benefit of the people and the enrichment of their Church.



In the course of its peregrinations the corpse arrived at Gourney. There the great man, or lord of the place, known as Hugo I., refusing to recognise the sanctity of the remains, ruthlessly caused a great fire to be made, and to the horror and consternation of those in charge of it, the body of St. Hilderferth was by his order thrown into the midst of the flames. But to one capable of curing the "mind diseased" such treatment was as nothing, for we are gravely assured that the flames were utterly powerless to consume the bones, and as a matter of course that unbelieving sinner—the premier Count Hugo de Gourney—was convinced, and from being the savage scoffer became at once the contrite convert, and on the spot where the indignity was offered he built and dedicated to St. Hilderferth the large and beautiful church which still bears his name, and is now the Collegiate Church of Gourney. In this building the remains were enshrined, and when some time afterwards, funds again becoming low, it was thought advisable to make further progress, no power could remove them. "The saint persistently remained immovable," says the venerable canon's account. In this, St. Hilderferth merely conformed to what was apparently a general custom, for we hear the same of many mediæval saints.

Of a contemporary—St. Cuthbert—who died in 688, we are told that he journeyed upon the shoulders of some monks for many years through Scotland,

and quietly so until they attempted to sail for Ireland, when several warning tempests drove them back, and they were compelled to make their way to Melrose, where, in spite of all efforts to remove him, St. Cuthbert for a considerable time most obstinately elected to remain immovable.

But to return to our saint. Though he refused to permit his bones *en masse* to be removed from Gournay, he apparently did not object to the abstraction of fragments, for the "old rolls" existing at Gournay tell us that to Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury (c. 1202) was given a fragment; also, that a few years later the reliquary was again opened for the purpose of giving a small bone of the saint's hand to the Grand Duchess of Longueville; and again, about 1373, when the head was removed and placed in a casket of pure gold, presented by Blanche, widow of Philip of Valois, King of France. And so, though long forgotten here in England, St. Hilderferth continued to be revered in France till the Revolution of 1789 denied to him that sanctity which so many centuries had respected. The Republican authorities, entering the church, stripped the gold and silver from the cases enclosing the remains, and having thus obtained all that they considered of value, left the bones in the church. In order to save the relics from further profanation, one of the priests attached to the church opened, in the presence of many witnesses, the case, and removed the bones, rolls of parchment, and rem-

nants of rich robes therein contained, all of which he enveloped in a linen cloth, and then reverently confided the precious parcel to the earth in a small cemetery reserved for the burial of the canons of Gourney. But a certain acute lawyer in the town, fearing that the action of the earth might prove quite as injurious to the relics as even the tender mercy of impious Republicans, caused them to be exhumed, and carefully guarded them within his own house until the end of the year 1802, when, upon the re-establishment of order, he made known his secret, and the Archbishop appointed a commission of priests, comprising the clergy of the Church of St. Hilderferth, to thoroughly examine into the matter. They, after due inquiry, were able to verify the relics so fortunately preserved as being the very same that had for so many centuries been venerated. The bones with the other remains were, therefore, placed in a new reliquary, and on the 22nd of May, 1803, with great pomp and ceremony, were replaced in their original position within the church of St. Hilderferth at Gourney, where they still remain and are duly revered by the faithful. How Swanscombe Church became possessed of a relic of this miracle-working saint must, we fear, ever remain a mystery. It is not likely that Archbishop Hubert deposited the precious fragment given to him anywhere but in his own cathedral.

Relics of saints were of so great value to the church which displayed them, and the belief in

their miraculous powers had worked itself so deeply into the religion of the times, that it was held a good and pious deed if "ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men," to obtain possession of them in any manner—"Si possis recte, si non quocunque modo." The chronicle by Roger de Hoveden, written about A.D. 1200, relates that at the destruction of the second cathedral of Hereford in 1054, 1055, or 1056, the relics of St. Ethelbert and of other saints were unfortunately burnt. Confirming this statement, the Saxon chronicle says that that church was "bereaved of all relics." And though, no doubt, their very ashes would have been collected and held sacred, Leland, visiting the cathedral in the reign of Henry VIII., tells us "Syns that the Walchmen destroyed the towne in King Edward the Confessor's tyme his (Ethelbert's) reliques have not been sene ther." This was probably the truth, though not wholly admitted when the monk of Malmsbury visited the place three hundred years before Leland. However that may be, so scarce were the relics of the patron saint of Hereford Cathedral that the gift of a tooth of St. Ethelbert by Philip de Fauconberg, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, between the years 1222 and 1227, led to his obit being gratefully celebrated in that edifice. In this lamentable dearth of relics, Robert de Beton or de Bethune, who was Bishop from 1131 to 1148, wrote, it is recorded, to the cele-

brated Abbot Suger, of St. Denis, begging some relics of that saint for his cathedral.

Swanscombe having been included in about one of the first grants made by the Conqueror to his powerful half-brother, the turbulent and warlike Bishop Odo, would not the possession of a miracle-working relic of St. Hilderferth gratify the inhabitants, and tend to elevate the donor of so priceless a gift in the minds of the people of the early part of the eleventh century? For a man like Odo, possessed of vast territory, and, independently of his high ecclesiastical office, the near relative of a king holding enormous Church patronage, and especially favoured by the Holy Father, to ask was to have. To him, therefore, it is just possible that Swanscombe may be indebted for the miracles supposed to have been worked there in the days of the mysterious past. If so, long, very long ere Canterbury possessed its famous shrine—long, long before St. Thomas of that city was added to the calendar—were pilgrimages made to the shrine of St. Hilderferth in the little church at Swanscombe. And when in later days the scene of the murder of the English Archbishop became in the eyes of Churchmen a holy place, to die without seeing which was accounted sin, the old shrine of the mania-curing Norman Bishop we may be certain was not forgotten. It lay near the highway to Canterbury; and we know if the fervent zeal of the pilgrim of old to kneel at every shrine he pos-

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sibly could was wanting for a time, curiosity was at hand to take its place, and every building of note was visited, if not from motives of devotion, yet as *things to be done*, the mediæval pilgrim being, in fact, the prototype of the modern excursionist. Pilgrims to Canterbury, rich and poor, who landed at the ferry at Greenhithe, would visit the shrine of "St. Hilderferth of fair memorie" hard by at Swanscombe, and dropping their offerings into the strong box, pass onwards.

Thus it came to pass that, however much melancholia possessed the pilgrims of those days, St. Hilderferth's shrine in England did not depend entirely upon those who came to be healed, but benefited and became enriched by that strange and long-continuing form of religious frenzy which developed itself in the wandering from shrine to shrine on the face of the earth. It is rather remarkable that during the work of the restoration of this church in 1873-4, through the munificence of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., the most noteworthy "find" was that of an early fifteenth-century padlock—the *serura pendens* of old documents—once richly ornamented with gilded scroll-work, and possibly the fastening of the strong-box attached to the shrine, now no longer of use, for the evil day had come, perhaps, not before it was expected. The Reformation struck the fatal blow which destroyed every shrine in the country.

What became of the relic or relics of St. Hilderferth we know not ; like Wycliffe's ashes, it or they may have been consigned to the fast-flowing river near at hand, to be carried to the four quarters of the globe, or scattered to the winds by the fiery zeal of some Puritan fanatic; or has the relic, as we



PADLOCK (SERURA PENDENS) FOUND DURING THE RESTORATION OF SWANSCOMBE CHURCH, KENT.

would fain hope, been rescued from desecration by the pious care of some to whom the memory of an undoubtedly good man was dear? Was it with his relics here at Swanscombe, as the story goes it was with Cuthbert of Durham, at the same great religious convulsion of the sixteenth century?—

“ His relics are in secret laid,  
But none may know the place  
Save of his holiest servants three,  
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,  
Who share that wondrous grace.”



### *BECKET THE ARCHBISHOP.*



HARTON, in his "Notes to Strype's Cranmer," says: "The name of this Archbishop is Thomas Becket, nor can it be found otherwise in any authentic history, calendar, record, or book. If the vulgar did formerly, as it doth now, call his name A Becket, the mistake is not to be followed by learned men." He was the son of Gilbert Becket, a merchant of good repute, carrying on business in London; his mother, Maud, being a Syrian by birth. He was educated in the monastery at Merton, whence he went to Oxford, and became chaplain to Archbishop Theobald. After this he went abroad and studied in the University of Paris, and other celebrated seats of learning, and became greatly proficient in civil law. On his return to England he proceeded to Oxford, and was admitted to the degree of S.T.P., and being a great favourite of the Archbishop, was received into his



family, and made Archdeacon of Canterbury, Provost of Beverley, and Prebendary of the Cathedrals of St. Paul and Lincoln. He was also appointed one of the King's chaplains, and on the earnest entreaty of the Archbishop he, in 1154, was promoted to the high office of Chancellor of England. In this station he became a perfect courtier, and conducted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his King, not merely by his dexterity in the management of the business connected with his office, but by his splendid manner of living and by his *affable* and engaging manners. In 1158, we are *told by* Roger of Wendover that he went on an *embassy*, with much splendour, to Paris, to receive Margaret, the daughter of the King of France, as wife to Prince Henry, the King of England's son. In 1161 the King, being in Normandy, received intelligence of the death of Theobald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and began with all diligence to arrange that his Chancellor, Thomas, should succeed him in the Archbishopric, and sent Richard de Luci into England with letters from himself to ensure his election; and so the matter was effectually brought to the end the King wished, the clergy and people of the whole province of Canterbury assembling on Whit Sunday in the following year at Westminster, where Thomas, the King's Chancellor, was solemnly elected Archbishop. He was, in the course of a day or two, ordained a priest in the church of Can-

terbury by Walter, Bishop of Rochester, having previously held the office of deacon only. On the following Sunday he was consecrated and enthroned by Henry, Bishop of Winchester. Messengers were immediately despatched to Rome, but meeting the Pope on this side of the Alps, entering France, they at once returned to England, bearing with them the pall, which was placed on the altar in the church of Canterbury. Thomas, having taken the usual oaths, received the pall from the altar, and reverently put on the robes of his office. This change of habit was only preliminary to a change of heart also, for he at once renounced secular cares, and from being the greatest and most luxurious of courtiers, became the most austere and solemn of monks, attending only to the spiritual concerns of the Church and the gain of souls. He, in the following year, without consulting the King's inclination, or having given the least intimation of his intention, resigned the great seal of the Chancellorship. This act sank deep into the mind of the King, and was the first occasion on which the King's feelings were ruffled against the Archbishop, but before his return to England, in January, 1163, he had received so many complaints of the Archbishop's severities that he became sensible, when it was too late, of the mistake he had committed, when, contrary to the advice of his mother, the Empress Maud, and the opposition of the Bishops

and clergy of England, he procured the election of Becket to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; and so, having settled his affairs beyond the sea, he, returning to England, was met on landing by Becket, who was received with the usual kiss, but not into full favour, as was evident to all who were present by the King's turning away his face.

This was the second manifestation of coldness. The third, a still plainer proof of the King's displeasure, was his compelling the Archbishop, much against his inclination, to resign the Archdeaconry of Canterbury in favour of Geoffrey Ridell. The fourth expression of ill-feeling was immediately afterwards shown, when Claribald, Abbot-elect of St. Augustine's, endeavoured to obtain the usual benediction from the Archbishop, but in his own Abbey church, and without a procession, seeking by these means to withdraw himself from subjection to the Metropolitan.

The King consented to these suggestions of the Abbot-elect, urging that the ancient customs of the kingdom should be preserved.

This year, also, there was a general inquisition into the feudal tenures throughout England; and it was found that in Kent, William de Roos, in the discharge of a certain service, ought to recognise the King, and not the Archbishop, as his superior. This the King insisted upon, and was the fifth occasion of offence.

The sixth showed itself when the Archbishop bestowed the vacant church of Eynsford, near the town of Dartford, in Kent, on one Lawrence ; but William de Eynsford, lord of the manor, claiming the right of patronage, expelled Becket's nominee, for which he was at once excommunicated by the irate Archbishop without consulting the King, who was consequently much offended, for he claimed as one of his royal prerogatives that no tenant-in-chief or minister of his should be excommunicated without his privity, lest he might communicate unknowingly with an excommunicated person, and admit him to the kiss or to his council. The seventh manifestation of the King's anger appeared after he had sent ambassadors to Rome to obtain confirmation of the so-called customs of the country. The eighth cause of enmity was the refusal, at the instigation of the King, by Roger, Earl of Clare, to do homage to Archbishop Thomas for his castle of Tunbridge and its appurtenances, asserting that the fee of the castle was held by lay service to the King, and not to the See of Canterbury. The ninth recorded cause of bad feeling was the order by the King that all clerks whom their Bishops found guilty of any offence should be deprived of their orders in the presence of the King's justiciary, and afterwards be delivered over for punishment in the King's Court.

This Becket strongly objected to, and seeing that

the liberties of the Church were now utterly extinct, he took ship at Romney, without the knowledge or consent of the King, intending to go to Rome, but the wind being contrary, he was driven back to England; and so, his intention becoming known, further accusations were brought against him, and on October 13, 1164, he was accused at Northampton for acts committed during his Chancellorship; but, inasmuch as before his consecration to the Archbishopric he had been declared free from all secular demands, he tried to escape from an unjust sentence by appealing to the Apostolic See, and forbade both Bishops and laity to pass sentence on him, their father and judge. But the Bishops and nobles whom the King had summoned for the purpose proceeded to hear the charges, though he was not convicted, or had confessed himself guilty, but had pleaded the privilege of his office and the Church. Then the Archbishop, thus insulted by the Bishops, raised his cross aloft with his own hands, and indignantly left the Court. The following night he left the town privately, and concealing himself by day, and travelling by night only, he after some days reached Sandwich, whence he crossed to Flanders.

He was cordially received at Sens by Pope Alexander, and allotted a residence in the Cistercian monastery at Pontigny.

The Pope having refused to confirm the customs

and liberties of England, as enacted at Clarendon on January 25, 1164, and which the King termed his hereditary customs, as having been transmitted to him by his grandfather, Henry I., the monarch became violently excited, and sent the following letter to the Sheriff of Kent: "I hereby command you, if anyone, either clerk or laic, in your bailwick shall appeal to the Court of Rome, to have him arrested and put in ward until my pleasure shall be known. Also, that you shall seize into your own hands all the revenues and possessions of the Archbishop of Canterbury's clerks, as Randolph de Broc and my other officers shall signify unto you. Also, to arrest the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces of all the clerks who are with the Archbishop, and put these and their chattels in safe pledge until my pleasure shall be known."

Henry also issued the following mandate: "If anyone shall be found bearing letters from our Lord the Pope, or from Archbishop Thomas, containing an interdict of Divine service in England, let him be arrested. Moreover, no clerk, monk, canon, convert, or other religious person, shall be permitted to cross the sea, unless he has letters of our justiciary, or of ourself, concerning his return. No one shall appeal to the Pope, or to Archbishop Thomas, nor shall any plea be held in their name, or any mandate of theirs be received in England.

If any Bishop, abbot, clerk, or laic shall observe any sentence of interdict, he shall immediately be banished from the kingdom, and shall carry none of his chattels with him ; but his chattels and all his property shall be seized into our hands. All clerks who have revenues in England are hereby admonished throughout every county that they return to their benefices in England within three months, if they wish to keep those benefices ; and if they fail to do so, their revenues will be seized into our hands." The King also commanded the church of Canterbury, and all the goods of the Archbishop and his clerks, to be confiscated, and banished all his kindred—an act, the chronicler, Roger of Wendover, tells us, unheard of in all former history—without regard to condition, sex or age. And notwithstanding that the Catholic Church is wont to pray for heretics and schismatics, the King forbade anyone to pray for the Archbishop. This last blow was too much ; deprived of the prayers of the faithful, Thomas set out for Rome and laid his case before the Pope, who at once annulled the sentence passed by the Bishops against the Metropolitan. Upon this Thomas of Canterbury returned to his exile in the monastery at Pontigny.

In 1166, King Henry crossed to Normandy, when the Archbishop at once left Pontigny and took up his abode at Vizelay, and on the Ascension

Day, in the presence of the people assembled to celebrate the festival, he with all form and ceremony excommunicated the so-called hereditary customs of England, their observers and abettors generally, and by name also he especially excommunicated Richard de Luci, Richard the Archdeacon of Poitiers, Jocelin de Baliol, Alan de Neville, and some others. These appealed to the Pope, and so the quarrel went on till 1170, when, by the intervention of Rotric, Archbishop of Rouen, a reconciliation was effected between the King and his most uncompromising Primate, who had for so long unflinchingly maintained the cause of the Church with admirable fortitude, unconquered by adversity.

In consequence of this reconciliation, Becket sailed for England, landing at Sandwich on July 1, when he immediately reopened the quarrel by excommunicating the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of London, Salisbury, Exeter, Chester, St. Asaph, Landaff, and Rochester. Henry at once ordered the absolution of these suspended divines. This Thomas refused, unless certain conditions were complied with. He was accordingly ordered by the King to return to his church. He therefore went into Kent, and there made preparation to celebrate the season of Christmas, now fast approaching.

On Christmas Day, he, to widen the breach, ex-



communicated Randolph de Broc and Nigel de Sackville. This most naturally incensed the King, who is reported to have given vent to his rage in no very measured words. There were present among the courtiers who heard the passionate outburst of the sovereign, four knights—Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Bret. These men immediately left the royal presence and departed for England, making their way to Saltwood Castle, the residence of Becket's arch-enemy, Randolph de Broc. There, during the long, dark December night, was concocted the scheme of atrocious murder which lashed all Christendom into fury.

It was about five o'clock on a winter evening, Dean Stanley tells us; the shades of night were gathering, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the vast cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps burning before the altars, when the four, having put on their armour, burst into the church. Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand and a carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, turning to the right of a pillar supporting a gallery leading to the chapel of St. Blaisé; the others turned to the left.

In the dim twilight they discerned a group of figures mounting the steps. In a moment out rang the command, "Stay!" Another shouted, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King?"

No answer was returned ; none could have been expected. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks, exclaimed, "Where is the Archbishop?" Instantly the answer came : "Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and priest of God. What do you wish?" and from the fourth step Becket descended to the transept.

Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse stepped back, and Becket, passing by him, took a position between the central pillar and the wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict. Here the murderers gathered round him, with the cry : "Absolve the Bishops whom you have excommunicated." "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied, and turning to Fitzurse, he added : "Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands ; why do you come into my church armed?" Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and for answer said : "You shall die ! I will tear out your heart !" Another, perhaps in kindness, struck Becket between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaiming : "Fly ! you are a dead man !" "I am ready to die," replied the Primate, "for God and the Church ; but I warn you in the name of God Almighty to let my men escape."

Upon this the four knights rushed upon him, intending, no doubt, to drag him from within the walls of the church and put him to death outside ; but Becket, being a very tall and powerful man, resisted most strongly, and, throwing his arms around the pillar, his murderers were unable to remove him, and were compelled to finish their dreadful work in the sacred edifice. Stricken by innumerable blows, the Archbishop fell before the altar of St. Benedict and expired, committing his soul and the cause of his church to God and St. Mary, the patrons of his church, and to St. Denis.

Thus died Archbishop Thomas Becket, in the fifty-third year of his age, a man of great ability and undaunted courage, uncompromising, vain, and in his conduct to the King, his benefactor, most ungrateful and reprehensible.





### *THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE.*

"Come ye to the Shrine of St. Thomas the Divine."

**I**OR a few years after the death of St. Thomas, there was no regular shrine, but the people flocked indiscriminately to the scene of the martyrdom, and the place of sepulchre, the latter perhaps proving the most attractive; but soon there arose a work of art the like of which had never before been seen in England, and the people were able to lay their offerings before the shrine of the murdered Archbishop, who

"Sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

According to the account given by old John Stow, it was built about a man's height all of stone, then upwards of plain timber, within which was a chest of iron, containing the bones of the martyr. The timber-work of it on the outside was covered with plates of gold, garnished with brooches, images,

chains, precious stones, rings, and great orient pearls. Prominent among these was the great diamond called the "Regale of France," to which we are told the attention of the spectators was drawn by the golden figure of an angel pointing to it. Of this jewel the following legend was told.

When Louis VII. of France was at Canterbury, kneeling before the shrine, wearing on his finger this stone set in a ring, its brilliancy aroused the cupidity of the then Archbishop, who at once asked the King to present it to the shrine; this the King refused, but offered in lieu thereof to give one hundred thousand florins. The Primate was satisfied, but the occupant of the shrine was not; for scarcely had the refusal and subsequent offer been uttered, than the stone leapt from the ring and fastened itself to the shrine, where it remained immovable. The King of France, we are told, was so impressed by this miracle that he not only was content to leave the jewel, but also gave the large sum of money he had offered as its ransom.

The possession of relics was of so great value to the church which displayed them, and the belief in their miraculous powers had so worked itself into the religion of the times, that it was held a good and pious deed, "if ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men," to obtain possession of them in any manner, "*Si possis recte, si non quocunque modo.*"

“ And believe it, brother,  
The use of things is all, and not the store.”

No wonder, then, that the fame of this marvellous shrine, with its miracle-working relics of the Church's blissful martyr, spread far and wide through the Christian world, and that all the nations were seized with that strange and lasting form of religious frenzy, which developed itself in the wandering from shrine to shrine on the face of the country, no distance stopping, no hardship deterring. We know if the fervent zeal of the earlier pilgrim to kneel at every shrine he possibly could was wanting for a time, curiosity was at hand to take its place, and every building of saintly or ecclesiastical note was visited, if not from motives of devotion, yet as “things to be done;” the mediæval pilgrim being, in fact, the prototype of the modern excursionist.

The palmer's staff was often adopted by the pilgrim to escape awhile from home, that he might the better appreciate its loves and cares on his return. Listless, he was in truth the tourist of the Middle Ages, yet his wanderings have added several words to our language. It was said of him who had travelled to the Holy Land (*Sainte terre*) that he was a *saunterer*; in like manner, the easy canter of our modern rides may possibly be an abbreviation of the “Canterbury gallop” (*i.e.*, canter), derived from the ambling pace of those who

journeyed to "Canterbiere, la cité vaillante." With the advent of spring :

"Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,  
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,

\*           \*           \*           \*

And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,  
That hem had holpen, whan that they were seke."

Southampton, the great port, received by far the most of those who came over the sea. The old British track, or fosse, now became the great pilgrims' way, winding under the hills from the Surrey downs through Merstham (where a lane retains its old name, "the Pilgrims' Lane") to Otford and the Medway, till at last it led the weary and footsore traveller to the hill-top from which he first caught sight of the golden angel with which the great tower of the cathedral was anciently crowned. For those who came north of the Thames the tracts are still traceable, all converging at West Thurrock in Essex, whose ferry, the key to the Kentish shore, received the great mass of pilgrims from the whole Eastern counties; and at Greenhithe they landed: it was the only route.

The passage of the wide river was in those days a matter of no small difficulty, and attended by some danger; the pilgrims would therefore, in accordance with the spirit of the times, enter the church of Thurrock, so conveniently situate near

the ferry, to pray the intercession of St. Thomas for a safe passage across the quickly flowing river ; and on landing in Kent—the county made sacred by the martyrdom and sepulchre of the great English saint—would enter the fair Chantry erected during the reign of Edward III. by one John Lucas, and offer there their meed of praise and gratitude. With the eye of fancy we can see the long train, after duly refreshing the inner man at some convenient refectory, setting out on its journey to Canterbury with song of joy and uplifted cross, prominent among the foremost, perhaps, a knight in war-dinted and travel-stained attire, fresh from some battle-field, hasting to perform the pilgrimage he had vowed for a safe return.

“ For he was late y come from his voyage  
And wente for to do hys pilgrimage.”

See, too, the forester clad in coat and hood of green, with the monk, the friar, the nun, and all the other characters so graphically described by our glorious old poet Chaucer. See them on their return, each proudly displaying his newly acquired treasure from the stalls of the far-famed Mercery Lane, perhaps a brooch of silver or even lead inscribed with the talismanic words, “ Sancte Thoma,” “ Caput Thoma,” or “ Thoma optimus medicorum.” Watch them again enter the little Chantry at Greenhithe to offer one last prayer within the confines of the county rendered holy and dear to them by



its association with the name and person of the murdered Archbishop.

Some idea of the great popularity of this saint may be formed from the accounts of the offerings made to the altars in the cathedral. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of the Reformation," tells us that in one year there was offered to Christ's Altar £3 2s. 6d., to the Altar of the Blessed Virgin, £63 5s. 6d.; but to the Altar of St. Thomas of Canterbury was given £832 12s. 3d. The next year, he says, the odds were even greater, for there was not even a penny offered at Christ's Altar, and only £4 1s. 8d. to the Virgin, while the offerings at the shrine rose, irrespective of jewels and bequests, to no less than £954 6s. 3d.

On the occasion of the Jubilee in 1420, more than one hundred thousand persons visited the shrine, worshipping and kissing with rapture sundry pieces of bone and dirty rags offered for that purpose. Two more such Jubilees came round and were duly honoured; but the wheel of time moved rapidly on, and at the close of the year 1536, the first blow was struck at the worship of St. Thomas. The royal supremacy and separation from the See of Rome had been effected two years before, and now the riches of the shrine, and the disloyal and ungrateful practices of Thomas Becket towards his royal predecessor, made Henry VIII. resolve to un-saint and un-shrine him. Injunctions

were issued abrogating all superfluous holidays which fell in term or in harvest time.

Thus the festival of the translation of the relics, falling as it did during harvest, was swept away; and for the first time the people, instead of rushing to Canterbury, were engaged in their usual occupation. Then the Archbishop and people openly ate flesh on the eve of the Festival of St. Thomas. Thus the spell was broken, the ardour of the people became damped, and less reverence was shown to the relics. In a letter written by William Penison to Cromwell, we have the following account of one of the last visits to the shrine. "Yesterday my Lady of Montreuil, accompanied with her gentilwomen and the Ambassador of France, arryved in thys towne, Canterbury, &c., where I showed her Saincte Thomas shryne, and all suche thynges worthye of sight, at the whyche she was not a little marveilled of the great riches thereof, saing they appeared to be innumerable; and that, if she had not seen it, all the men in the worlde coulde never a made her to belyve it. Thus over-looking and vewing more than an oure, as well the shryne as Saincte Thomas hed, being at both sette cousshins to knyle, and the Pryour, openyng Sainct Thomas hed, saing to her three tymes, 'Thys ys Sainc Thomas hed,' and offered her to kysse yt; but she noyther knyled nor woulde kysse, but styll vewing the ryches thereof."

The affection of the people having been to a certain extent alienated, and the shrine thus becoming an object of mere curiosity, more vigorous steps were taken. Becket was solemnly arraigned upon a charge of high treason, and, despite numerous requisitions to leave his grave and appear in court to answer the charges laid against him, failed to do so, and was declared in default by the judges to be a traitor and no saint. His death, from being a martyrdom, became an act of justifiable homicide; the shrine was broken down and carried away, the jewels and gold filling two large boxes, each so heavy that six or eight men found difficulty in carrying it, and for the removal of the rest of the treasure appertaining to the shrine twenty-six carts were necessary. The jewels and gold went into the royal stores, King Henry having the great French jewel set in his thumb-ring. The bones of Becket were, according to the Roman Catholics, impiously and indecently burnt; but, according to the accounts preserved by more Protestant writers, they were so mixed with other remains that it would be a miracle indeed to distinguish them. Probably somewhere beneath the vast cathedral's

“ . . . . Gothic shade  
His relics were in secret laid;  
But none may know the place.”

“We have of late unshrined him and buried his holy relics,” says one writer. “The King also

ordered that Thomas Becket shall not be esteemed, named, reputed, nor called a saint, but merely Bishop Becket. His name was accordingly erased from the list of saints recognised by the Church of England, his images and pictures were pulled down, and his name eliminated from the prayers in which it had held so prominent a position."

"So completely were the records of the shrine destroyed," says the late Dean Stanley, "that the cathedral archives throw hardly the slightest light either on its existence or removal." Its site has remained from that day to this a vacant space, with the marks of the destruction even yet visible on the broken pavement. The Reformation struck the fatal blow which destroyed this with every other shrine in the kingdom. The zeal for pilgrimages had been gradually lessening, and now the pilgrim would look in vain for the objects of his long devotion, ordered by the injunction of 1547 to be so utterly destroyed that "there should remain no memory of them in wall, glass windows, or elsewhere within churches."





### MARY STUART.

**T**HE close of the year 1542 saw James V. of Scotland lying upon a bed of sickness, and, as it were, on the very threshold of the grave, weak and dispirited, his army destroyed and his country over-run by the soldiers of his uncle, Henry VIII. of England, who, with a laudable ambition, was scheming to effect the union of Scotland to England. Deserted by his allies, racked by intense pain, and overcome with grief and mortification, at such a time was he informed that his Queen had given birth to a daughter. And then, with, as it were, the inspiration of a prophet, the King, we are told, alluding to the crown of Scotland, exclaimed: "Alack! it came with a lass; it will end with a lass!"

In another week, worried out of his life, poor James slept the long sleep of death, his crown devolving upon the little child on whose future the dying father had looked so gloomily—the little

child who has become so familiar to us as the lovely, the frail, the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.

For a time it seemed that the birth of Mary had smoothed down the troubles of her country, for Henry of England saw a method whereby to obtain the realization of his hopes without further bloodshed. He therefore sent an embassy to the Regent and Parliament of Scotland offering peace upon condition that the young princess should be given in marriage to his son Edward, such wedding of necessity uniting the two kingdoms. The proposal was accepted, and a treaty agreed upon in London in the month of July, 1543, stipulating that Mary should remain in Scotland until she attained her tenth year, and then be brought to England to complete her education, and this effected, the marriage should then take place, the Scotch Parliament agreeing to send three noblemen to reside in England during those long years as hostages for the fulfilment of their part of the contract.

All seemed to denote a peaceful and pleasant termination to the trouble ; but the Scotch became alarmed, and exclaimed against this treaty as being one that would end in their slavery. The English ambassador was insulted and driven from the country, and the stipulated hostages were not permitted to leave for England. The leader of the opposition, Cardinal Beaton, became Regent,

and it was apparent that if the treaty was to be enforced at all, it must be so at the point of the sword, and this Henry resolved to do. Having at the time a large army ready to invade France, he determined upon sending a portion of it into Scotland, not for conquest, but to enforce the observance of the treaty. The Scotch were totally unprepared for war, and the English army, landing at Leith, burnt town after town and captured the capital; but Henry, though victorious, had frustrated his own scheme, for the cruelties perpetrated by his soldiery had so incensed the people that they would never consent to a tranquil union.

The Princess Mary was removed to France, where, in 1548, she was by treaty engaged to marry Francis, the Dauphin of France, and ten years later the marriage actually took place. It was in the French Court that Mary learnt those accomplishments which rendered her an object of universal admiration, and there also she imbibed ideas which led to her ruin and death. Under the direction of her father-in-law, Mary and her husband assumed the title of King and Queen of England on the ground that Elizabeth, who was then on the throne, was illegitimate—an act of ridiculous ambition, eminently and most justly calculated to render Queen Elizabeth their inveterate enemy.

In 1559, Francis became King, and Mary consequently Queen, of France; but in less than two

years Francis died, and his widow returned to her native land as Queen of Scotland after an absence of nearly thirteen years, a stranger to her people, without experience, without allies, and almost without a friend.

Scotland was at this time in a state of religious frenzy. The Presbyterian party, driven to desperation by the fierce intolerance of the Romish clergy, were carrying the work of the Reformation to the very extreme, proving their fanaticism by destroying abbeys, cathedrals, libraries, and even the monuments of the dead. Such was the state of affairs when Mary landed, and then, instead of attempting to tone down this disorder, her very first act was to add fuel to fire by ordering a solemn mass in her chapel—an act which gave great offence to those of her people who were stanch Protestants. Finding this, Mary issued an order that any attempt to undermine the Protestant faith should be treated as a capital offence. Thus, by her vacillating disposition, she in a few days made enemies to herself of both the great parties into which her kingdom was divided. Many attempts were made to induce her to become a Protestant, and in one of her interviews with the great Scottish reformer Knox she is said to have been moved to tears, but the fierce eloquence of the famous divine for once failed, and Mary could never be persuaded to forsake the doctrine of the Church of Rome.



During all this time the war against England was fitfully continued, and with the result we might expect. The house divided against itself can never stand, and so the Scotch, not from any want of courage, but from grievous lack of union, and consequently of strength, were almost invariably beaten. Of course the hand of Mary was sought in marriage by many of the noblemen belonging to the opposing parties in Scotland. Those that might have benefited the kingdom Mary wilfully refused, and accepted the hand of Henry, Lord Darnley, of the princely house of Lennox—a man, we are told, of prepossessing appearance, but weak and impetuous in temper, mean and intemperate in habits; truly a fit husband for such a Queen.

Some few years since a very beautiful ring was found near the site of Fotheringhay Castle, which has been regarded as a nuptial gift, a token probably of plighted troth from Mary to Darnley. Its impress presents the initials H. and M. combined, with a true lover's knot above and below the monogram. Within the hoop is a small escutcheon charged with a lion rampant surmounted by an arched crown, and also the inscription, "Henri L. Darnley, 1565." There can be little doubt that Darnley became the accepted suitor in the early part of the year 1565. Rumours of the Queen's engagement to him had been prevalent at the Court of Holyrood as early as the commencement of 1562,

but it was on May 15, 1565, that the Queen met her nobles in the Parliament Hall in Stirling Castle, and signified her intention of espousing Darnley, and on this occasion created him Lord of Ardenach and Earl of Ross.

On July 3, the public celebration of their marriage being fixed, the banns proclaimed, and the Pope's dispensation obtained, Mary created Darnley Duke of Albany, and on the 21st she issued her warrant commanding the heralds to proclaim him King of Scotland, in virtue of matrimony to be solemnized on the forthcoming day in the chapel of Holyrood. The next morning the proclamation was repeated, and thenceforth all documents were signed Henry and Marie R.

This inauspicious marriage soon ended in hatred and disgust, the enemies of both losing no opportunity of extending the quarrel. They persuaded Darnley that an improper intimacy existed between the Queen and her foreign secretary, Rizzio; a conspiracy was formed, and one night, when the Queen was at the table with the Countess of Argyll, Rizzio, and one or two others, Darnley led his friends to the royal apartment, and by the hand of one of them the unfortunate secretary was slain almost at the very feet of his royal mistress.

This act of revenge would, one might well imagine, have wrought a change in the Queen; but no: she shortly afterwards commenced showing

extraordinary marks of favour to James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell—a man of great talents, but most unprincipled character. By his arts he obtained great power over the mind of Mary, who appointed him ruler of the Marches. Her husband, Lord Darnley, was soon after seized with a most extraordinary illness while at his father's house in Glasgow. He returned to Edinburgh, but instead of joining his wife, the Queen, at Holyrood Palace, he took up his abode in a lonely house a short distance from the Palace. By some means, on the tenth night of his residence, this house was destroyed by the explosion of gunpowder, and in the garden, more extraordinary still, without bruise or mark, was found the dead body of Henry Darnley.

This undoubted murder caused great horror, and as it left no doubt that Bothwell was its prime mover, he was arrested, but after a mock trial acquitted.

His power over Mary increasing, he laid aside the mask and carried the Queen off to his castle at Dunbar, and by entreaty or force married her, though he was at that very time himself a married man; but then, as unfortunately it is in the present day, a divorce was easily obtained, and so James Hepburn became King of Scotland.

This affair must ever brand and cast the greatest slur on the memory of Mary Stuart, and naturally afforded a fine opening for her enemies, many of

whom, including some of the most powerful lords of the kingdom, formed a conspiracy against the Queen and Bothwell, to which resistance was hopeless, and after a time the easy-going Mary abandoned her husband and was taken by the confederate nobles to Edinburgh, and thence to the castle of Loch Leven, where she was compelled to renounce her crown in favour of her son James, who was accordingly crowned at Stirling.

In this act of abdication we see the fulfilment of her father's dying prophecy, for with her in reality did the crown of Scotland cease to exist. For though James became for a few years King of Scotland, he on the death of Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of England, whereby the union of the two kingdoms was effected, and so, since Mary, the crown of Scotland has never been placed on the head of any monarch ruling that country as a distinct and independent nation. After the abdication the enemies of the ex-Queen allowed Bothwell to escape, but brought to trial and executed several persons implicated in the murder of Darnley.

Mary, after nearly twelve months' confinement, managed to effect her escape from the island of Loch Leven, and with the assistance of some of her adherents raised an army, hoping to regain her crown; but the Regent, Lord Murray, marched against and utterly defeated her troops. After this disaster she fled into England, and implored the

protection of Queen Elizabeth, who was still enraged with Mary for having termed her illegitimate, the only foundation for such a statement being that Henry VIII. had, when tired of her mother, the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, caused her to be executed for a crime which was never satisfactorily proved against her. Thus prompted by revenge, Elizabeth acted with duplicity for some time, and at last declared that no assistance could be given unless Mary submitted to a legal trial. This, after some time, was arranged to take place before a commission sitting at York, and afterwards removed to London. By this commission it was declared that nothing had been proved whereby the Queen of England could conceive or take any ill opinion of her good sister for anything yet seen. But in spite of all this Mary was still kept in close confinement. The opportunity for Elizabeth to wreak vengeance upon Mary for the taunt put upon her had now arrived, and for eighteen long years the unfortunate Mary languished in prison, to be at last released only by the headsman's axe.

Among the castles in which she was imprisoned was that of Hardwick, in which, under the charge of, the Earl of Shrewsbury, her bad reputation created the utmost unpleasantness between the Earl and his Countess, and it is recorded that when one day Queen Elizabeth asked the Countess, "How fares my cousin, the Queen of Scots?"

"Madame," was the reply, "she cannot do ill whilst she is with my husband, and I do begin to grow jealous they are so great together." These words, apparently spoken in jest, were really uttered in bitter earnest; the serpent-poison of jealousy had indeed entered into the heart of the Countess, and the most deadly malice reigned in its core against Mary; and so the Countess lighted that little fire which kindleth a great matter. She made the busybodies talk, and the Earl had to obtain permission to remove Mary from Hardwick to another of his castles, that of Tutbury, where she was placed under the charge of Sir Amyas Paulett, and on the death of the Earl his executors thought it necessary to inscribe upon his tomb a denial of that criminal attachment for Mary Stuart with which he had been charged by his enemies.

During this time several attempts to murder Elizabeth had been made; many plots and pretended conspiracies for the escape of Mary were formed and imagined, and the English Ministry, in order to pave the way for her execution, took care to alarm the nation with false rumours and surmises, and were incessantly imploring the Queen to order her execution; but this Elizabeth feigned reluctance to do.

At last, after the trial in Fotheringhay Castle, when Mary was declared guilty of conspiring against the life of Elizabeth, and had been condemned to

death, upon James of Scotland and other foreign powers interesting themselves on her behalf, Elizabeth's rancour plainly showed itself. She listened, it is true, to the appeal for mercy, but granted it not; and when Sir Robert Melville begged that the execution might be delayed for a week, answered sternly, "No, not for an hour." And to her shame she allowed the execution to take place in Fotheringhay Castle, on February 8, 1587. When, after the third or perhaps fourth stroke, the head of the unfortunate Mary was separated from her body, and the executioner held it up in his hand, Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, exclaimed, "So let all the enemies of Queen Elizabeth perish!" the Earl of Kent, among the assembled crowd, alone had the firmness to cry "Amen." The body was buried with great pomp in the Cathedral of Peterborough, Elizabeth pretending great grief that the execution had been allowed to take place. In the end, James I. removed it to Westminster, where it still remains under a most gorgeous monument "in the place where the Kings and Queens of this realm are commonly interred," that the "like honour," in the words of the King, her son, "might be done to the body of his dearest mother, and the like monument be extant of her that had been done to her dear sister, the late Queen Elizabeth." The body of Mary was buried in the north aisle, close to the vault of Elizabeth. The tomb was raised opposite

in the south aisle, similar in appearance, but on a grander scale, as if "to indicate the superiority of the victim to the vanquisher."

So lived and so died in the forty-fifth year of her age, Mary Stuart. The eighteen years of imprisonment, and the death on the scaffold, must atone, in our eyes, for the deeds of her youth. That Mary was personally innocent of any attempt or conspiracy against the life of Elizabeth is now proved, and readily admitted by even the greatest enemies to her memory, and her death by the order of that Queen is one of the most unjustifiable acts ever committed by any sovereign. Though the deeds of Mary's early life stand out so black against her and must ever tarnish her memory, her conduct during the long years of her confinement in England (nearly the half of her life) leads us to believe that had she been married to a person different from any it was her ill fate to be united to, history would have shown us Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, as exalted and pure in character as it now does beautiful in person, grace, and manner.







#### *FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE.*



NOT one stone is left upon another to mark even the outlines of this, the scene of a portentous birth and a tragic death—the birth of Richard III., the death of Mary Stuart—names imperishable in history and enshrined in the immortal verse of Shakespeare and Schiller. That it was demolished by order of James I. was long accepted as a fact. Popular instinct, generally right, said it should have been so; hence arose the tradition. But the evidence of a survey made in the twenty-first year of that King's reign dispels the illusion, and affords an authentic description of the castle as it stood in 1624, thirty-eight years after Mary's death and twenty-one years after the accession of her son to the throne of England. The real destroyers, animated by no penitential sentiment, were undoubtedly the owners of the castle at a later date, it becoming, as was far too often the case with like historical edifices, a quarry for building purposes.

According to this document it consisted of two principal parts: the first, a keep standing on the higher mound; the second, a fortification on the lower. The first was reached through a double moat, and comprised two stories, called the upper and lower chambers, containing "goodly lodgyngs." From these descended a noble staircase to the lower fortification, in which the great hall was situated. The river Nen and a brook formed part of the double ditches surrounding its walls. The only picture in existence of this castle is believed to be that in possession of the Queen at Windsor.

Truly the castle has passed away, but the ground on which it stood is still there; the Nen still winds through the meadows on which it looked, and the woods still fringe the landscape that saw its grandeur and its gloom. The mound, with its two plateaus covered with the greenest and softest turf, yet remains, and from its summit the eye discovers at last one fragment of boulder-like masonry resting near the edge of the river. Then imagination and memory awake, and, silently as Amphion's walls, the form of the ancient edifice arises, restored by the aid of fancy's eye. We see the first stronghold of the Doomsday, Fotheringeia, built by that gallant Norman, De St. Liz, second Lord of Northampton and Huntingdon, with Maud, daughter of the Countess Judith, and wife of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, taking her pleasure in the flower-

decked meadows by the riverside, or sitting among her ladies in the great hall, laughing and chatting as their needles pass over the strips of tapestry destined to cover its bare cold walls. We see David I., King of Scotland, Lord of Fodringey, as it was sometimes spelt, with his son Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, whose sons, Malcolm the Maiden, and William the Lion, inherited the castle and manor. These glide by, and from the mist of the past emerge the forms of John and Devorguilla de Balliol—Balliols whose descendants played so important and yet so despicable a part in the history of Scotland. With them pass the figures of John de Bretagne and Mary, wife of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke; and then appears the form of Edward of Langley, fifth son of our third Edward of glorious memory.

By this time the ancient castle, like many of its fellows, is falling into decay; but under the auspices of this right royal Duke of York, it rises phoenix-like in far greater magnificence and splendour. He built the keep in the shape of a fetterlock, which, with a falcon in it, was the favourite device of the House of York. We see Edward Plantagenet issuing from its gate on his way to lead the vanguard of English archers on the, to him, fatal field of Agincourt. See, too, his dead body brought forth and borne with solemn procession along the little village street to its tomb in the quiet church

where "lie Princes descended from Kings, and from whom Kings are descended."

Then, as in a vision, we see Richard of the same name plotting with the Nevilles for possession of the crown ; see his head struck from his body, and, crowned with a paper crown, held up to the gaze of an awe-stricken crowd. See, too, another funeral procession issue from its portals, bearing the mutilated remains to their last resting-place within the walls of the parish church. And now, behold, the still more remarkable figure of a former occupant comes upon the scene, with stooping form and something very like a hunch on his back. See how moodily with ever-darkening frown he saunters, muttering to himself. It is the form of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., King of England, who first saw the light amid evil signs and dismal discords in this castle old. Possibly, nay, probably, Richard was no more the utter villain of the dramatist than Mary Stuart was the bold bad woman depicted by Froude. But much of his life, despite his undoubted ability and his acknowledged accomplishments, stains the imagination and jars upon the conscience of mankind. Both the grim birth and the tragic death in this castle supply riddles to history, perplexing alike reason and research.

Now a far fairer form follows flitting past in the person of Elizabeth of York, in whom at last the

red and white roses were united. She, indeed, lends a charm as well as interest to the story of this ancient pile. Next in the royal, but, in spite of the union of Lancaster and York, still darkly shadowed procession, we see Katharine, wife of Henry VIII., "sick to death," diverting her thoughts from her faithless husband, if she can, by repairing this her residence, as the shadow of a great wrong falls upon her weary steps. Then a more powerful and fortunate figure, attired in sumptuous robes and resplendent with jewels, approaches, and the Virgin Queen of England appears, escorted by knights and ladies gay, to hold high revel within the walls of Fotheringhay—a weak, vain, uncertain, yet upon occasion an able, proud, and terrible woman this daughter of a murdered Queen. She leaves memorials of her visit in a bridge and various monuments to her ancestors.

And now, last ghostly visitant of all—Mary Stuart, removed from Chartley, enters the castle, the last of her twelve English prisons, the seventeenth of her enforced removals during the eighteen long melancholy years of her captivity here in England. Most men, whatever their creed or politics, find a charm in the ground she trod, the scenes she looked upon, the palaces she dwelt in, and the prisons, for they were nothing else, "against whose bars she beat out her tameless life." Yes! there she is, the most superbly gifted, the most royally

born, and the most unfortunate, and, as some say, the most guilty of her sex and time, the enigma of the historian and the age. Tall in stature, majestic in presence, with features so perfect and pure, so delicate and so refined, that while the noblest and bravest hearts worshipped, artists despaired to paint their charm; the most beautiful, as she was the most hapless of all the handsome but ill-fated House of Stuart. The most eloquent of her brilliant contemporaries, graced by literary taste, as evinced by the recently published catalogue of her library, generous to profusion, proud with the pride of long descended and most illustrious ancestry, yet winning all hearts by her condescension and ready sympathy, matchless in her withering sarcasm and lofty scorn, yet one of the most subtle and accomplished politicians of a crucial period in the world's history, she stands out among those who trod of yore this castle old, one of the most striking, as she is one of the most inexplicable figures in the great gallery of time.

There she is, this much maligned and fiercely hated, this much loved and passionately lauded Princess, in the hall of this castle-prison of Fotheringhay, refusing to acknowledge the jurisdiction of Elizabeth's commissioners, more than a match for a whole tribe of Burghleys, yet heedless of cause and result, scanning with all a woman's curiosity the features of her judges. In fancy we can see

and hear her flashing out some scathing rebuke with a peerless scorn, utterly silencing for a time even the wily sagacity practised in a thousand snares. See her hurling back upon her adversaries the broken arrows of their accusation, and then, after two days of this mental torture, rising in cold contemptuous scorn and with perfect self-possession leaving—oh ! bitter irony of fate !—this, the hall of her ancestors, to meet an untimely, unmerited death. See the door of her chamber in the keep open on that cold February morning, and behold Mary Stuart attired as if for some solemn festival. Passing through the Hall of Presence she is stopped by the faithful Melville in tears, but where are her ladies ? Denied her ! But the appeal, “I am cousin of your Queen, of the blood of Henry VII., a married Queen of France, and the anointed Queen of Scotland,” secures two of her female attendants as witnesses of her death.

“Allons donc,” and in the great hall at the bottom of the wide staircase we see a crowd of knights and county gentlemen awaiting her, and what a scene unfolds itself ! The block is there, covered with black ; the scaffold with its low rail is covered with black also ; the sheriff’s guard of halberdiers are drawn up on the floor below ; the fateful axe leans against the rail, and two masked figures stand on either side at the back of the scaffold. Then comes the struggle between the old and vanishing world and the new, between the

Dean of Peterborough and Mary of Scotland, in which Fletcher's tongue fails and Mary triumphs. Then the white veil is removed, and with it the long robe of black satin and other outer garments as described by David Scott in his "History of Scotland;" and when one of the ladies has handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, Mary Stuart stands in crimson velvet and crimson satin on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red in all her attire. One kiss, the last on earth bestowed upon the favourite crucifix, a few words of a Latin psalm uttered in a firm voice, and then the fearful quiet of the great hall is broken by the dull heavy thud of the axe falling upon the white neck of the prostrate victim, wounding but not killing, doomed to be repeated and repeated before Death's bright angel released the suffering Queen.

Thus came the end of Mary Stuart, crowning her brief but troubled life by a fortitude which at once abashed and amazed her judges and her executioners. Shadows indeed haunt her steps and stain the lustre of her powers, dimming into doubt the eyes which would fain see only virtues and high impulses passing into faults, and possibly crimes, through the bad influence of the vicious and unprincipled court in which her early years had been spent. With the death of Mary Stuart all historic interest in the castle ceases, and utter silence seems to have settled down on Fotheringhay which has never since been broken.





*THE STORY OF THE ARMADA, 1588.*

"The Spanish fleete did flote in narrow seas,  
And bend her ships against the English shore,  
With so great rage as nothing could appease,  
And with such strength as never seen before,  
And all to joyne the Kingdome of that lande.  
Unto the Kingdomes that he had in hande.

Now if you ask what set this King on fire,  
To practise war when he of peace did treat,  
It was his pride, and never quencht desire  
To spoile that Island's wealth, by peace made great :  
His pride which farre above the heavens did swell,  
And his desire as unsuffic'd as hell.

But well have windes his proud blasts overblown,  
And swelling waves allayed his swelling heart ;  
Well hath the sea, with greedy gulfs unknown,  
Devoured the devourer to his smart :  
And made his ships a prey unto the sand,  
That meant to prey upon another's land."

*Hakluyt, ed. 1590.*

**F**ROM the day that Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne it was evident that war must of necessity ensue between Spain and England. During the reign of Mary, her husband, Philip the Spaniard, had been able to stamp down, but in no way to stamp

out, the hearty Protestantism of England; and when with the accession of Elizabeth that hearty Protestantism became the guiding principle of English politics, fanned, too, as it was by a vivid remembrance of the gross intolerance and cruelty of the Maryan persecution, the antagonism between Protestant England and Roman Catholic Spain was far too great to end in anything but deadly war.

The political exigencies of the times caused the actual declaration of war between the two countries to be delayed for many years, Philip of Spain seeing that for the sake of keeping at bay his more dangerous Catholic neighbour it was well to preserve an outward show of friendship for the more distant nation of heretics. Therefore the Queen of England bore with the Spanish fostering of insurrection in Ireland, and the King of Spain submitted to the equally intolerable English piracy in the Spanish main. And so for nearly thirty years was the war of creeds carried on by pirates and free-booters. The great success of the English piratical expeditions at length proved too much, and so prompted the invasion attempted by Spain in the year 1588.

The gain in money to England, and the loss in money to Spain, consequent upon the exploits of Drake and his fellows was as nothing compared with England's gain and Spain's loss in prestige.

Pope Sixtus V. is reported to have said that "the Queen of England's distaff was worth more than Philip's sword." This taunt, and others like it, muttered or said openly in and out of Philip's hearing, induced him to do his utmost to retrieve his disgrace, and by one decisive and overwhelming blow revenge the long series of insults and indignities he had received from English seamen during a period of nearly thirty years.

From various causes—among others, the death of the Marquis of Santa Cruz—the invasion, which had been planned for January, was not entered upon until the middle of June; so that England had time to prepare for it. Through the inactivity of the Queen and Lord Burghley, these preparations were not rendered nearly so complete as the necessity of the time and occasion required them to be, it being imagined that diplomacy would, as heretofore, prevent Philip from putting his threats into execution.

"Since England was England," wrote Admiral Lord Howard to Walsingham, on January 27, 1588, with reference to the efforts on behalf of peace that were being made in the Netherlands, and ostensibly favoured by the Prince of Parma, "there never was such a stratagem and mask to deceive her Majesty as this treaty of peace. I pray God that we do not curse for this a long gray beard with a white head witless (the Lord Burghley's) that will

make all the world think us heartless. For my part, I have made of the French King, the Scottish King, and the King of Spain, a trinity that I mean never to trust to be saved by, and I would that others were of my opinion."

In consideration of this and similar opinions freely and frequently expressed, the Royal war navy of England was tardily and most imperfectly equipped for that which proved to be the most momentous service our national fleet has ever been called upon to engage in. At this moment of supreme danger it was found the Royal squadron comprised only thirty-four vessels fit to take the sea in the face of an enemy, viz :

NAME OF SHIP.	TONS.	MEN.	GUNS.	NAME OF COMMANDER.
Ark Royal ... ..	800	425	55	Lord Charles Howard.
Revenge ... ..	500	250	40	Sir Francis Drake.
Victory ... ..	800	400	42	Sir John Hawkins.
Elizabeth Bonaventure	600	250	34	Earl of Cumberland.
Rainbow ... ..	500	250	38	Lord Henry Seymour.
Golden Lion... ..	500	250	38	Lord Thomas Howard.
White Bear ... ..	1,000	500	40	Lord Edmund Sheffield.
Vanguard ... ..	500	250	40	Sir William Winter.
Elizabeth Jonas ...	900	500	56	Sir Robert Southwell.
Antelope ... ..	400	160	30	Sir Henry Palmer.
Triumph ... ..	1,100	500	42	Sir Martin Frobisher.
Dreadnought ... ..	400	200	32	Sir George Berton.
Mary Rose ... ..	600	250	36	Edward Fenton.
Nonpareil ... ..	500	250	38	Thomas Fenner.
Hope ... ..	600	250	48	Robert Cross.
Bonavolia ... ..	?	250	?	William Burrowes.
Swiftsure ... ..	400	200	42	Edward Fenner.
Swallow... ..	360	160	8?	Richard Hawkins.
Foresight ... ..	300	160	37	Christopher Baker.
Aid ... ..	250	120	18	William Fenner.
Bull... ..	200	100	?	Jeremy Turner.
Tiger ... ..	200	100	22	John Bostock.
Tramontana ... ..	120	70	21	Luke Ward.

NAME OF SHIP.	TONS.	MEN.	GUNS.	NAME OF COMMANDER.
Scout ... ..	120	70	10	Henry Ashley.
Achates ... ..	100	60	13	Henry Rigges.
Charles ... ..	70	40	16	John Roberts.
Moon ... ..	60	40	9	Alexander Clifford.
Advice ... ..	50	40	9	John Harris.
Spy ... ..	50	40	9	Ambrose Ward.
Martin ... ..	50	35	7	Walter Gower.
Sun ... ..	40	30	5	Richard Buckley.
Cygnets ... ..	30	20	?	John Shrive.
Brigantine ... ..	?	35	?	Thomas Scott.
George, a hoy ... ..	120	24	?	Richard Hodges.
Total ... ..	12,220	6,279	855	

In addition to these vessels, we are told by Stow in his chronicle that many serviceable ships and pinnaces were provided by the citizens of London, Bristowe (Bristol), Exeter, Plymouth, Barnstaple, and the merchant adventurers of England, and that "gentlemen and yeomen of sundry shires bordering on the sea, knowing many of the English ships to be very weakly furnished with victual and munition, out of their singular zeal and loyalty sent cheerfully such provisions as either they could make or was provided for their families." Well was it for England that such a spirit existed among her people at this time—a period, probably, the most critical of any during her existence as a nation—for opposed to the above comparatively weak and scanty fleet was advancing the truly formidable and apparently invincible armada of the enemy, consisting of the following vessels :

	SHIPS.	TONS.	GUNS.	SAILORS.	SOLDIERS.
A squadron of Portuguese Gallies	12	7,739	389	1,242	3,086
The fleet of Castile ... ..	16	8,054	474	1,793	2,924
The fleet of Andalusia ... ..	11	8,692	315	776	2,259
The fleet of Biscay... ..	14	5,861	302	906	2,117
The fleet of Guipuzcoa ... ..	14	7,192	296	608	2,120
The Italian fleet ... ..	10	8,632	319	844	2,792
A squadron of Store-Ships ... ..	23	10,860	466	950	4,170
A squadron of Tenders ... ..	24	2,090	204	746	1,103
A squadron of Neapolitan Gale- asses ... ..	4	?	200	477	744
A squadron of Portuguese Gale- asses ... ..	4	?	200	424	440
Total ... ..	132	59,120	3,165	8,766	21,855

Such was the fleet descried during the early morning of Friday, July 19, 1588, by Captain Fleming from the masthead of his little "pinasse" somewhere between the Scilly Islands and the Lizard. Spreading every inch of canvas, he at once made the best of his way to Plymouth, and reported the enemy's approach. Howard and his brave captains, nothing daunted, hurried on board their vessels, and all hands set to work in right good earnest preparing the guns, ammunition, and gear of all sorts for the reception of the coming enemy. And none too soon, for the next day, about high noon, "was the Spanish fleet descried by the English, which, with a south-west wind, came sailing along, and passed by Plymouth, in which regard, according to the judgment of many skilful navigators, they greatly overshot themselves."

The day following—that is, July 21—the English vessels, having pursued the enemy, approached to even within musket-shot, and Lord Charles Howard in the *Ark Royal* most hotly and valiantly discharged his ordnance upon the Spanish vice-admiral. It must have been an imposing, and, to any but English sailors, a fearful sight that was presented by the stately Armada as it swept slowly on its course up the Channel in an enormous crescent, fully seven miles, we are told, long, half of the vessels rising out of the water to a height which had never before been seen by the great majority of the crews of the comparatively small English ships. They appeared, to use the words of a contemporary writer, like “so many immense floating castles, under which the very sea appeared to groan, as it were, in complaint of the unusual burden it was made to bear.”

The enormous size of the Spanish ships was a source of constant worry to their officers. The incessant complaint of the Duke of Medina was this: “In case of the slightest gale, I know not how or where to shelter such large vessels as ours.” And when the gale did come, their behaviour in it proved that good ground existed for such anxiety on his part. Before the close of Sunday, July 21, the first success on the part of the English was achieved, for the huge flagship of the Guipuzcoan squadron had been blown up, and a

man-of-war under the command of M. de Baldsey, one of the most competent sailors in the Spanish fleet, was so much injured that he was compelled to surrender her to the English at daybreak on Monday morning. All this Monday the fight continued in the same manner. No artifice on the part of the Spaniards could induce our admirals to fight at close quarters; but, advancing and retreating at pleasure, they were enabled to keep up a most destructive cannonade, which the enemy was wholly unable to return with anything like effect. Their huge galleons and galleasses vomited forth a dreadful and continuous fire, but the cannon-balls passed over the low hulls of the English barques and pinnaces, and so fell harmlessly into the sea. The third day the aspect of affairs was somewhat changed. The wind had unfortunately shifted to the north-east, thus giving the Spaniards the weather-gage, and enabling them to approach nearer to the English vessels; but owing to the superior skill of our officers their ships were unable to grapple with or board our vessels, every such attempt on their part being most successfully met and baffled. By this time the hostile fleets had reached the Dorsetshire coast, and the alarm soon spread:

"For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance  
spread,  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy  
Head:



Far o'er the deep the Spaniards saw, along each Southern  
 shire,  
 Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points  
 of fire.

\*           \*           \*           \*

Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's rocky  
 dales ;  
 Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of  
 Wales,  
 Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely  
 height,  
 Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest  
 of light ;  
 Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately  
 fane,  
 And town and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless  
 plain ;  
 Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,  
 And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of  
 Trent ;  
 Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's embattled  
 pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of  
 Carlisle."

*Macaulay.*

And then a famous company of courtiers and others hastened down to the various ports at which they had appointed their little pinnaces and frigates to be in waiting : "out of all havens of the realm resorted ships and men, for they all with one accord came flocking thither as unto a set field, where immortal fame and glory was to be attained, and faithful service to be performed unto their prince and country." In London the imminent approach of invasion created the greatest alarm. Every precaution was of course taken to obstruct the progress up the Thames of the expected Spanish ships ; the

batteries at Gravesend and Tilbury were strengthened, chains and a bridge of boats were prepared to block up the passage of the river. An armed vessel, called the *Lion*, was ordered to lay off Greenhithe, there to receive the alarm from the forts of Gravesend and Tilbury, "and thereupon to send away up to the Court the row-barge with some discreet person to advertise, and also to give the alarum to those shippes yt ryde at Blackwall, that they may prepare." A large army under the command of the Earl of Leicester, was collected at West Tilbury, in Essex, the encampment, traces of which still exist, being formed near the church.

"Heere noblemen, who stately houses have,  
Do leave them void to live within their tents."

The enthusiasm and spirit of the people rising with the necessity of the time, "it was a pleasant sight," says Stow, "to behold the soldiers as they marched towards Tilbury; their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wheresoever they came; and in the camp their utmost felicity was hope of fight with the enemy; where oftentimes divers rumours rose of their foes' approach, and that present battle would be given them; then were they joyful at such news, as if lusty giants were to run a race. All preparations for defence being finally arranged, Queen Elizabeth resolved to visit in person the camp at Tilbury. On this memorable occasion she appeared at once

the warrior and the queen. Rising superior to all kinds of artifices of fictitious dignity and of her wonted studied condescension, she appeared inspired by an impressive earnestness evinced in every word and gesture. Mounted on a noble charger, with a general's truncheon in her hand, and a corslet of polished steel laced over her magnificent apparel, she rode, we are told, bareheaded from rank to rank, with a smiling countenance. Amid the shouts of military ardour which burst from the animated and admiring soldiery, she addressed them as follows: "My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects, and therefore I am come amongst you at this time, not as for my recreation or sport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king—and a King of England, too—and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any

prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms ; to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness that you have deserved rewards and crowns, and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my Lieutenant-General shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble and worthy subject ; not doubting by your obedience to my General, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and my people."

Meantime, every ounce of powder for the use of the fleet was procured from cottage or castle, and great was the satisfaction of Howard and his gallant companions when a large quantity of powder, which by a lucky accident had not been destroyed in the general explosion, was rescued from the wreck of the Guipuzcoan flagship.

On Wednesday, July 24, very little was effected by either fleet. The English, however, held a council, which resulted in the formation of the English fleet into five squadrons, the first under the command of the Lord Admiral, the second under Drake, the third under Hawkins, and the fourth under Frobisher, while the fifth was to con-

sist of Seymour's little fleet when it arrived. In each squadron certain small vessels were appointed to give the onset, and attack the enemy, sailing round and round the unwieldy mass of Spanish shipping like bees around the bear in the fable, pausing often to inflict their sting and darting off before they could be punished for their boldness.


On Saturday, July 27, the enemy, thus pursued and annoyed, reached Calais roadstead, and, entering the harbour, at once anchored; the English following the example at a short distance outside the Spaniards.

On the suggestion of Sir William Winter an attack by fire-ships was determined upon. A few of the most worthless and smallest of our vessels were loaded in all haste with the most combustible matter that could under the circumstances be procured, and at midnight, on the 28th, were rowed silently as possible into Calais Harbour, and were set on fire in the midst of the Armada before their existence was even suspected. In a fleet so densely packed—for the narrowness of the harbour had compelled the ships to moor closely together—the damage inflicted was necessarily enormous, and the terror and confusion greater still. Some of the Spaniards caught fire, others cut their cables, and, drifting helplessly about in the darkness, became entangled and wrecked against each other.

By daybreak the remaining vessels of the Armada

were under canvas, and moving towards Dunkirk, with Howard in close pursuit with every available vessel he had. Before noon a general attack was made by the English ; each admiral leading his own squadron. They no longer refused to fight at close quarters, but ranged up to within speaking distance and poured an incessant fire into the sides of the huge Spanish vessels, which in return fired over the heads of our men, so that, although the Spanish loss was computed to be no less than five thousand men, our own did not exceed one hundred in killed and wounded. Of the Spanish ships, two were captured, three went down during the action, while several, being wholly disabled and drifting with the tide and before a strong north-westerly breeze, were wrecked on the Flemish coast. And of those that could still keep the sea, the greater portion were so terribly damaged as to be totally unequal to any further contest either with the English fleet or the elements of nature which had so strangely fought against them. From any repetition of our attacks they were spared by the utter want of ammunition.

All Lord Howard's entreaties having failed in persuading the Queen to furnish the fleet with supplies in any way commensurate to the severity of the unequal struggle in which they were engaged, he still, however, continued the pursuit, although the crews of some of his ships were actually in danger of dying from starvation, so meagre was the



supply of provisions doled out to those brave men, upon whom the very existence of the country as an independent nation depended. The whole of Lord Henry Seymour's squadron, and with it several other ships, had to be sent back to England, being absolutely without food or powder for a single day's consumption.

With the rest of the fleet Howard, to use his own words, "put on a brag countenance, and gave chase as though he wanted nothing." Drake was for doing even more; he would have renewed the attack with the few ships that still had any powder left. Perhaps he would now have ventured to attempt to capture some of the enemy's ships by boarding; for if he had left Plymouth with a contempt for his adversary, the events of the last ten days had increased and confirmed it tenfold. And as he pressed his views on his commander-in-chief, he promised, if he might only be permitted to carry his plan into execution, soon to make the Duke of Sidonia "wish himself back among his own orange-trees."

So the Spaniards fled, and so we pursued, till on August 2, Lord Howard, having reached the Scotch coast, resolved to return to the south, leaving a squadron of small vessels to watch the enemy until he got beyond the Northern Isles. And it was most fortunate that he so decided, for two days later the weather changed, and a storm of most

unusual violence for this period of the year set in. It was with the utmost difficulty that he made his way back to the estuary of the Thames, safely weathering the treacherous dangers of the Norfolk sands. But he did so, and reached Margate Roads, where he landed his numerous wounded ; of whom, despite the Queen's gracious promises, and to the everlasting disgrace of England, Howard found it necessary to write to the Lord Burghley a very strong letter, concluding as follows : "'Tis a most pitiful sight to see how the men here at Margate, having no place where they can be received, died in the streets. The best lodgings I can get is barns and such outhouses, and the relief is small that I can provide for them here. It would grieve any man's heart to see men that have served so valiantly die so miserably."

Very few ships of the so-called invincible Armada returned to Spain. The mariners, unaccustomed to such hardships, abandoned themselves to despair, and suffered their unwieldy ships, impelled by the fury of the storm, to drive upon the western islands of Scotland or the coast of Ireland, where they were miserably wrecked. The few seamen and soldiers who succeeded in reaching their own country were so dispirited by their discomfiture that they filled all Spain with grossly exaggerated accounts of the desperate valour of the English seamen, and of the



tempestuous violence of the seas surrounding the British Islands.

So terminated the Spanish King's great attempt against England ; undertaken with a vain confidence in an overwhelming force, it was utterly defeated and brought to nought by the unexpected skill and courage of those he affected to despise. The much-vaunted Armada effected far less damage upon the English coast than was committed some years later—in 1595—by a few Spanish vessels, which, landing some men, succeeded in burning Penzance, in Cornwall.





### *THE BREWER AND HIS BEER.*



SAINT GREGORY THE GREAT, in his letter to the Abbot Millitus, whom he had sent over here to aid St. Augustine in his missionary work among the English, says, that as these heathens have been accustomed to kill oxen in sacrifice to their gods, so the day of the dedication of a church must be kept as a holiday, that the people may build themselves huts with branches of trees around the newly-erected church, and pass the time in religious feasting.

Now, we know what feasting meant to a Low German, whether christened or unchristened. Little would he have cared for roasted oxen and the like if there had not been something strong and heart-inspiring to drink with his beef. St. Gregory does not mention beer or any kind of drink, but, man of the world as he was, we cannot suppose that he imagined that the ladies and gentlemen

whom he invited to rejoice in these sylvan bowers would be content with only such drink as the limpid stream or neighbouring holy-well afforded. Truly we do not appear to have any exact information as to the class of beverage other than water which was generally employed in Britain at so early a period. Mead is the stimulant which first occurs to notice in Saxon records ; but we know that the inhabitants of the more northerly parts of Europe possessed and thoroughly appreciated both ale and wine.

It is a matter of absolute certainty that the pagan drinking-feasts were not mere festivals for enjoyment—pleasure alone was not the most important feature of them ; they were really solemn rites in honour of the gods and of dead ancestors. In a northern saga we find the Princess Hildegonda carrying round the ale to the assembled vikings. “She takes the cup and bows as she begins the ceremonies, and drinks health to all ylfyng men. ‘This cup to the memory of Rolf Kraka!’”

We inherit and cherish, in a more or less altered form, many of the usages which were in vogue in remote days, and sometimes, without being conscious of it, follow in our ordinary life and customs the footsteps of our ancestors. Do we not to this very day continue to drink in solemn silence to the memory of those who “foremost fighting fell”? So when these feastings became Chris-

tianized, the objects of Christian worship were in like manner pledged, and even the drinking-cups were made with invocations carved round their lips. One in the collection of the late Mr. Evelyn Shirley is thus inscribed :

"In the name of the Trinitie,  
Fill the kup and drinke to me."

In Pembroke College, Oxford, is preserved one with the legend :

"Sayn denys yt es me dere,  
For hes lof drenk and mak gud cher."

The Ironmongers' Company of London possess a similar cup bearing the angelic salutation. In York Minster is one to the use of which, as the inscription on it testifies, the murdered Archbishop Scrope attached certain privileges. "Recharde, Archebeschope Scrope, grante un to all that drinkis of thys cope xl<sup>th</sup>. dayes to pardon." To which is added: "Robert Gobson, beschope, grante in same forme afore saide xl<sup>th</sup>. dayes to pardon."

It must be borne in mind that in those times ardent spirits were unknown to the English people. A physician of the thirteenth century, one Arnoldus de Villa Nova, is said to have been the first person who showed that an intoxicating spirit could be obtained by distillation. But even though spirits were known in the thirteenth century, they were for several generations regarded, not as a beverage, but as a medicine. The very few rich persons who

indulged themselves in the taste for rare and curious drinks may have consumed them, but the sturdy northern races continued to be content with their ale or beer, except at the tables of the wealthy, where the light wines of France seem to have been almost as common as they are with us to-day. Our first wines from Bordeaux, the true country of Bacchus, appear to have been imported about 1154 by the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine. People of the early days were very fond of talking about their good cheer, and celebrating it in songs, some of which had for a chorus at the end of every verse :

"For our blessed Lady's sake,  
Bring us in good ale."

An old writer says, speaking of the good things of life : "Beef is not good, because it has too many bones, mutton because it is too lean, bacon because it is too fat, bread because it has too much bran, ducks because they are dirty feeders ; nothing is good except ale."

And then there is the old proverb :

"He that buys land, buys many stones ;  
He that buys flesh, buys many bones ;  
He that buys eggs, buys many shells ;  
But he that buys good ale, buys nothing else."

Another worthy old author writes : "Mark you, sir ; a pot of ale consists of four parts : first the ale, then the toast, then the ginger, then the nutmeg."

Rather different this concoction to a long cool draught of the Bass or Barclay of the present day. The words ale and beer are now used indiscriminately to signify fermented drink made from malt. Formerly there appears to have been a well-understood difference between them. Ale was a sweet drink made without hops or other bitter herbs ; beer was a similar liquor flavoured with hops. In the Latin account rolls of the fifteenth century, "*cerevisia*," when it stands alone, appears to mean this sweet ale ; "*cerevisia hummulina*," this hopped beer.

There is a vague tradition, which has been supported, as most vague traditions are, by highly-respectable authorities, that hops were unknown in England before the reign of Henry VIII. We have two versions of the well-known jingle :

" Hops, Reformation, Carp, and Beer,  
Came into England in one year,"

and

" Turkeys, carps, hops, pippins, and beer,  
Came into England all in one year."

Now, in the first place, it is highly probable that the hop is an indigenous plant, and in the second, we have positive evidence of its use as early as 1482, and there exists a very strong supposition that its properties were known to those who brewed beer at a much earlier period. There certainly was a clearly-defined distinction between ale and beer at an earlier time, because in the Hundred Court

of Hythe, in the county of Kent, during the year 1445, presentments were made against certain women who had brewed "*cerevisia et bere*." And in papers relating to the municipality of Rochester we find an entry in the year 1460 of two shillings paid for "sixteen galonys of bere and ale."

The usages in London concerning beer were very curious. The brewers were mostly breweresses—that is to say, females brewed nearly all the ale and beer. Fleet Street was full of them, and the law even then held a very tight rein upon these ladies as to the times, prices, and mode of selling their production, and they were altogether under such strict supervision as would astonish their modern representatives not a little. Those who brewed ale and beer for sale were bound to dispose of it to such of their neighbours as required it, and apparently when quarrels arose this was sometimes refused. Among the rolls relating to the manor of Alkerden, in Swanscombe, Kent, there is, under the year 1566, an entry of a fine of ijs. inflicted upon "John Swanne, for that he denyed Edward Hodson of ayle contrary to lawe." Two years later there is a fine of *vid.* recorded against Rosa, wife of John Russell, for brewing beer contrary to assize. It was also ordered that "no ale-howse keeper shall tonne any ale before the ale fynder taiste the same and alowe itt." Shakespeare, in

the epilogue to "As You Like It," tells us: "To good wine they do use good bushes." So the bunch of ivy, or green bush, appears to have been the sign of a place where ale or other drink was sold, not only in England, but in many parts of the Continent. In England the exhibition of *le ale wyspe* appears to have been compulsory on the holder of the license. The country breweresses, as distinct from those located in London, were generally bread-bakers. Tenants under the feudal system were obliged to bake in the common oven provided by the lord of the manor, and for this accommodation they had to pay a fee called *fornagium*, private ovens being, of course, forbidden, except under special license, which was frequently held in conjunction with the brewing license. It was usual to have an oven and bakestone in an outbuilding for the baking of haverbread or oat-cake, for the refreshment of customers and their horses, when inns were more of victualing houses than they are now. About five years ago a bakestone was found *in situ* on pulling down an old outhouse of the Commonwealth period, during the rebuilding of the "Three Legs" Inn, Leeds. To add to their troubles, these good breweresses of the olden time suffered much from the competition of the clergy, who, bearing in mind the advice given by St. Gregory, held in every parish of England at Whitsuntide and on the



festival of the dedication of the church, or, indeed, at any convenient time when the church was in need of money—and when was it not?—drinking-bouts of unlimited duration, at which ale and beer were sold in the church house, or even perhaps within the walls of the sacred edifice itself, to all comers.

Philip Stubbes, the author of the “*Anatomic of Abuses*,” gives a by no means flattering account of these neighbourly entertainments. He tells us that “The church Wardens of euery parishe, with the consent of the whole parishe, prouide halfe a score or twentie quarters of mault, whereof some they buye of the church stocke, and some is giuen them of the parishioners themselues, eueryone conferryng somewhat, according to his abilitie; which mault beeyng made into very strong ale or beer is sette to sale, either in the church, or some other place assigned to that purpose. Then, when this . . . . is sette abroche, well is he that can gette the soonest to it and spend the most at it; for he that sitteth the closest to it, and spendes the moste at it, he is counted the godliest man of all the rest and moste in God’s favour, because it is spent vpon his church forsooth! but who, either for want can not, or otherwise for feare of God’s wrath will not sticke to it, he is counted one destitute both of vertue and godliness. In this kind of practise they continue sixe weeks, a quarter

of a yere, yea, halfe a yere together, swilling and gullyng, night and daie, till they be as dronke as rattes, and as blockishe as beastes."

This statement must be taken *cum grano salis*, because Stubbes was, we are told, a most rigid Calvinist and bitter enemy to popery. Still there is no reason for regarding it as being very much overdrawn. In a lease granted in the year 1529, by the Prior of King's Langley in conjunction with the Prioress of Dartford, to one William Halsey, of Great Gaddesdon, it is stipulated that the tenant shall pay "too the drynkynge for the seyd parysshe in the rogation week ijs."

Indeed, the like covenants in leases of ecclesiastical property were very common. We know from various sources that persons of all ranks and classes, women as well as men, attended the "church ale" as it was termed. Shakespeare clearly alludes to one of these clerical drinking bouts when he makes Launce, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," say, "Go with me to the ale-house; if not, thou art a Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian." In the Romance of Merline, among the "Percy Ballads," we have an account of a lady who

"With neighbours to the ale went,  
Long she sat and did amiss,  
That drunken she was, I wis."

In the ancient poem entitled "How the Good

Wife taught her Daughter," we have this piece of excellent advice :

" And if thou be in place where good ale is on lofte,  
Whether that thou serve thereof, or that thou sette softe,  
Measurabli thou take ther of that thou fall in no blame ;  
For if thou be ofte drunke, it falle thee to shame."

We may be certain that such assemblies whenever called together would be well attended, for the English were, and are, seldom very careful of money when drink and good company are to be had. And good company would in those days most certainly have been forthcoming on such occasions, for the wandering minstrel or ballad-singer would be there, the pardoner with his tales of foreign lands and wonderful miracles. The begging friar, too, for he was by no means an austere man, and would no doubt make *the ale* an excuse for stopping to deliver a stirring discourse from the steps of the village cross, and then adjourn to the drinking-place with all his adult auditory.

We must not, and cannot blame our ancestors for attending and enjoying these festive gatherings, for travelling was exceedingly difficult and costly ; few of our forefathers ever went far from home, and it was only at such occasional meetings that they heard and learnt very much of the great world existing beyond their own narrow horizon. Still we can quite appreciate the injury caused to the regular brewers and hostellers of past days by this competition on the part of the clergy. For in the

case of the church ale, there was added an inducement to drinking, which could not be pleaded in favour of the delights of the hostelry or ordinary wayside ale-house. Because those who attended the ecclesiastical feast were not only doing the very best thing in their power to obtain recreation and enjoyment, but were also performing a meritorious work, for every pot of ale they swallowed, or gave to their companions, was so much gain to Holy Church. Because, to again quote from Philip Stubbes, with "that money . . . if all be true which they saie, they repair their churches and chappels, they buy books for service, cuppes for the celebration of the sacramente, surplesses for Sir John the Priest, and such other necessities."

Appreciating as we do the great efforts now being made by nearly all the Christian bodies of England to bring under control the evil habits of excessive drinking inherited from our far-off ancestors, for the love of the uncivilized Teuton for drink was notorious, even in the luxurious Roman world of Saints Gregory and Augustine; grateful as we are for the great wave of temperance feeling now rolling over our land, we are compelled to think that the brewer will still continue to flourish, for the spirit and nature of the great majority of Englishmen are as yet unchanged, and the cry continues :

"Bring us in good ale!"



### *OLD PIPES AND SMOKERS.*



WHEN Christopher Columbus landed, on October 12, 1492, on the island of Guanhami, one of the Bahama group, he and his crew beheld, to their great astonishment, a number of the natives standing near the shore, puffing clouds of smoke from their mouths and nostrils. On closer inspection it was found that a dried herb was rolled up in the leaves of the maize plant, and so formed into small tubes, one end of which being placed in the mouth, and the other lit, formed a cigarette which we thus find the savage islander quietly enjoying nearly four hundred years ago. The name given to the herb so used by these people was tobac, or tobacco, which does away with the supposition so long current that the name of the fragrant herb has been derived from the island of Tobago, inasmuch as that dependency was not discovered until four years later. At the time of the conquest of Mexico by

the Spaniards, in 1519, the smoking of tobacco was an established custom among the natives ; and it is related that they, like our friends of Guanhami, made the leaves into rolls, or else inserted them into pipes or bowls formed from reeds beautifully carved and ornamented.

The great Mexican prince and god, Montezuma, we are told by Bartholomew Diaz, was accustomed to take or smoke tobacco every day after his dinner. But it is now known that long before the period of their conquest the Mexicans and Aztecs were acquainted with some kind of tobacco, and made use of pipes made of burnt clay, because very many of these pipes, blackened, or coloured as we term it, by frequent use, have been found among the ruins of their grand old cities. These pipes were sometimes carved to represent, among other objects of nature, the human head, and appear to have been very carefully finished off. Precisely similar pipes have been found in excavations made in America, on the shores of Lake Erie, the Ohio, the Wabash, and the Mississippi ; in short, throughout Mexico and Central America. In North America the practice of smoking tobacco in pipes existed among the tribes at the time they were first brought into contact with Europeans, and there is every reason to believe that it originated among the old nations, of which the wild Indians, as they were termed, were the scattered remnants.

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At any rate, the habit was extremely ancient among them, as is testified by the abundance of pipes found in the old graves and tumuli, the great antiquity of such burial-places being proved by the fact of trees having grown upon them, which, by the number of rings, must have been standing some hundreds of years, during all which time these pipes have lain buried beneath them. The pipes so found are made, some of baked clay, others of various kinds of stone, and more particularly of that description known as the red pipe-stone, which is still used for the same purpose by the few remaining Indians of the prairie. They are, for the most part, made with great skill and much artistic feeling. Every variety of shape is found among them—human heads, otters, seals, bears, birds, and frogs—carved with so much fidelity to nature that they are at once easily recognisable.

Sir Walter Raleigh, in the printed account of one of his voyages, states that the Indians regard tobacco as a gift of the Great Spirit for their especial enjoyment, and that it was considered the most acceptable sacrifice that could be offered to the Lord of Life. One of the most curious and remarkable points connected with smoking as an act of religion among the Indians is the ceremonial of the calumet, or pipe of peace, which first came under the notice of Europeans in 1645, upon the conclusion of a treaty with several of the tribes. In the midst of

the assembly the Indians had placed a richly-ornamented tobacco-pipe, round which the native chiefs and English officers seated themselves on mats provided for that purpose. After the settlement of the treaty, and as an act of ratification, they filled, lit, and smoked this pipe, handing it from one to the other. And to this day the pipe of peace is similarly used by the remaining Indians as a token of their friendly disposition. The pipe so used is generally four or five feet long, and made of a light wood, profusely ornamented with tresses of hair shorn from the heads of the females of the tribe, coral beads, and eagles' feathers. The women who make these pipes considering themselves bound to render them as handsome as possible, no effort or sacrifice conducing to the fulfilment of that object is wanting on their part.

Each tribe adorns its pipe of peace in its own manner, so that an Indian at a glance can distinguish to what particular tribe the pipe belongs ; but its bowl is always made of stone brought from one particular spot, called the Coteau of the Prairies, concerning which there exist a variety of legends. One is, that the Great Spirit, having called all the tribes together, assembled them around this mountain, and standing himself upon its summit, took a piece of the red stone, and forming from it a pipe, commenced to smoke. Blowing huge clouds over the congregated multitudes, he, the Master of All,



then spoke, saying: "This stone is red; it is as your flesh, and belongs to you all; out of it make no more tomahawks, war-hatchets, or scalping-knives; use it only for making the pipe of peace, and smoke therefrom when you would propitiate me and do my will." With the last wreath of smoke from his pipe, the Great Spirit, we are told, melted, as it were, into a cloud which long hovered over the mighty gathering.

The great American poet, Longfellow, has incorporated this particular tradition in his extraordinary production known as "*Hiawatha*."

Spain was the first European country into which the practice of smoking was introduced by the crews of vessels returning from various expeditions to the new-found world. The tobacco plant itself was known, however, at an earlier period than the commencement of its use for smoking purposes, its seeds having been brought over, and much used, by the professors of medicine, who highly vaunted its efficiency in surgical cases. The introduction of smoking into England is attributed to various persons and different times—to Sir Thomas Hawkins, on his return from Florida in 1565; to Sir Walter Raleigh, after his expedition to the Orinoco; and to Sir Francis Drake, who, in 1585, brought back some of the survivors of Ralph Lane's companions, who had attempted to form a settlement in Virginia, and had contracted the habit

through their intercourse with the natives. After first creating wonder and exciting curiosity, it gradually found imitators, as everything new and strange, or calculated to attract attention, is sure to do.

Sir Walter Raleigh himself was one of its first admirers, but is stated to have preserved great secrecy in his attachment; and, according to tradition, it was owing to a ridiculous accident the weakness was discovered. Sir Walter, as the story is related, was enjoying his pipe in solitude, forgetful that he had ordered his servant to attend him with a tankard of ale. The faithful domestic suddenly entering the room, and finding, as he thought, his master's brains on fire, and evaporating in smoke and flame through his mouth and nostrils, did his utmost to extinguish the conflagration by emptying the goblet on Sir Walter's head. So inveterate was the habit with the gallant old sailor, that even on the morning of his most iniquitous execution he smoked his pipe, we are told, with the same apparent enjoyment as ever.

In this, however, he has been followed by many of the most abandoned and bloodthirsty miscreants of modern days, among whom may be mentioned the ruffians of the Paris Commune of 1871, who, at Sartory, stoically continued smoking until the avenging bullets knocked the pipes from their foul lips.

In London the practice of smoking soon made rapid strides ; its devotees gathering in great numbers at ale-houses and taverns. Stow, writing a few years after the introduction of tobacco, calls it "that stinking weed," and says it was commonly used by men and many women.

Most of us have seen, or at least heard of "fairy pipes." These ancient clays, so frequently found in the cottage gardens and fields of England, are the tobacco-pipes of this period, which, having served their turn, have been ruthlessly thrown aside and have lain forgotten till turned up by plough or spade. They are made of clay, with long thick bowls, having a base sufficiently broad to enable them to stand without support. The stems, as the writer has practically discovered, are most inconveniently thick. Some few years since, a quarry in Shropshire, which had last been used about 250 years ago, was re-opened ; and when the men engaged upon the work had removed the rubbish and débris from the face of the original working, they found, protected by a little niche, a perfect specimen of this early pipe. The bowls of some old specimens are found made of silver or iron ; these must have become very hot, and created an extravagant consumption of tobacco.

As a matter of course, satires, pamphlets, and sermons, were freely launched against the new habit.

King James I. of England regarded smoking and smokers with the utmost abhorrence ; and in 1605 it was thought nothing would be more acceptable to him, when visiting the University of Oxford, than a public argument or disputation (as it was then termed) upon the merits of tobacco, care being of course taken that the final result should be against the smokers. The King even went so far as to write a pamphlet, which he styled a "Counterblaste to Tobacco," concluding with the following strong expressions condemnatory of the practice : "Have you not reason then to be ashamed and to forbear this filthy novelty, so basely grounded, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? In your abuse thereof sinning against God, harming yourself both in persons and goods, and taking also thereby the marks and notes of vanity upon you ; by the custom thereof making yourselves to be wondered at by all foreign civil nations, and by all strangers that come among you to be scorned and contemned. A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinging fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." The King also protested that were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he should give him these three dishes, "a pig, a poll of ling and mustard, and, thirdly, a pipe of tobacco for digestion."

Among the large collection of proclamations, prints, etc., contained in the library of the Society of Antiquaries of London, is an ale-house license granted by some justices of the peace for the county of Kent during the reign of this same King. At the bottom, among other directions to the innholder, is the following stringent injunction: "Item, you shall not utter, nor willingly suffer to be utter'd, drunke, or taken, any tobacco within your house, cellar, or other place thereunto belonging."

Louis XIV. of France did not smoke, and would not permit any person to do so either in the palace or its grounds. Having on one occasion sent for his famous admiral, Jean Bart, the veteran, being a very early riser, is reported to have made his appearance soon after daybreak, and, as a matter of course, had to wait for the King, whose habits were very different to those of the gallant warrior. Knowing no one at Court, the time hung very heavily upon the Admiral's hands, so we are told he took out his pipe and commenced smoking in right good earnest. His conduct was naturally regarded as being most improper—the very height of impudence and imprudence; the courtiers were shocked, the guards wanted to turn him out, but the brave old man quietly observed, "I have contracted this habit in the service of the King, our master, and it has become necessary for me to smoke, and I believe him to be too just to be angry at my doing so

now." The monarch, hearing the commotion, sent to inquire what it was all about, when someone told him that a strange fellow was presuming to smoke within the palace and would not be persuaded to desist. "Oh, let him do as he likes," said Louis; "I am confident it is Jean Bart." On the Admiral's entrance into the Royal presence, his Majesty received him most cordially, remarking, "You, Jean Bart, are the only person allowed to smoke here."

Napoleon I., the great Emperor of France, never could smoke, although when in Egypt he several times attempted to do so in order to please the people. On one occasion, when the Persian ambassador presented to him, on behalf of the Shah, a very valuable and gorgeous pipe, "all diamonds and rare jewels," Napoleon's attendant filled the pipe, and a light was applied; but in the way the Emperor went to work no smoke would have appeared until doomsday. He merely opened and shut his lips in the energetic manner of a mechanical figure. The attendant ventured to observe that his Majesty was not exactly proceeding in the usual manner, and showed him the correct way in which to manage his pipe of peace. But the inapt pupil persistently returned to his bad imitation of yawning, until, tired and vexed with repeated failures, he at last desisted, saying, "Constant, do you light the pipe; I cannot." So said, so done, and we are in-

formed that the pipe was returned to him with the tobacco burning at a furious rate, and a tremendous amount of smoke. Soon veiled in vapour, the unfortunate Napoleon was again in difficulty; the smoke, which he did not know how to get rid of, went down his throat, and up out through his eyes and nose. As soon as he regained breath, he gasped the words, "Take it away! What an infection! What pigs they must be who smoke! I am so ill." And ill we are told he was for some considerable time, and renounced for evermore the soothing weed.

In his inability to enjoy tobacco he was strangely unlike his nephew, the late Emperor, who was scarcely ever seen without a cigar or cigarette in his mouth; and who was the first person allowed by the Queen to smoke within the walls of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, when on his visit to England during the Russian War of 1854.





#### *SOME EARLY CHURCH DEDICATIONS.*

**M**ORE than once during the past ten or twelve years have we heard a puzzled clergyman say, when alluding to his recently-restored church : " I do not know when to ask the bishop to re-open it. My church, unfortunately, has no dedication that I am aware of." In answer to this, we have in our turn put the question : " Is a fair held in your parish ? because, if so, it is most probable that your church is dedicated to the saint whose festival falls upon that fair-day, or the one nearest to it, inasmuch as the festival of the dedication of a church often became a parochial holiday."

That there is good warrant for this assertion is evinced by a comparison of known dedications with the dates of the fairs held or formerly held in the respective parishes. Yet it would seem that even in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the dedications of many of our churches were equally un-



known. Can it be possible that some of our oldest churches had originally no dedication names at all, but were simply consecrated to the honour and glory of God? It may have been so, but we can scarcely think it, because in times long since passed away



THE CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW, ASHINGDON, ESSEX.

religious sentiment took the form of special devotion to this or that particular saint—as, for example, that of the Royal Confessor to St. Peter “his friend,” and to St. John, “his own dear one.” Witness also the especial reverence of Edward, the Black Prince, for the Holy Trinity, as evinced

in his will by the minuteness of the instructions for his burial in the Trinity Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral: "où le corps du vray martir Monseignour St. Thomas repose;" and it is strange that it was on Trinity Sunday, 1376, he, the

"Sable warrior,  
Mighty victor, mighty lord,"

departed to his rest. We are all of us aware, too, of the wholesome dread with which Louis XI. of France regarded St. Lo. Therefore we think it highly improbable that the founders of our ancient churches, "the gates of heaven, the ladders of prayer," would omit to associate with their good and great work the name of the saint they held in the highest reverence.

To many old churches other names than those originally invoked have, without doubt, been added or substituted. Mistakes, too, may have frequently arisen, either through neglect or ignorance, and in this arises one of the greatest difficulties we have to contend with in forming an estimate of the flow of the tide of religious fervour in a bygone time. For the purposes of comparison we have selected the dedications of most of the churches built prior to 1525 in Kent, as the landing-place of St. Augustine, and Essex, its neighbouring county. Local martyrs and mediæval Churchmen enter, of course, largely into county dedications; but as at least

eight thousand parish churches were built in England within a century after the Norman conquest, religious houses, chantries, and altars in the already-erected churches became the means by which especial honour to the memory of such men as St. Thomas Becket could be paid.

We must remember that the fatal field of Senlac, however disastrous in its effects upon most men, did not much affect the position of the priesthood; nay, even to some it brought a vast accession of power, both moral and material, and most certainly gave an impetus to Church work which extended throughout the length and breadth of the land—an impetus much needed, for doubtless the belief so prevalent during the tenth century, of the impending dissolution of the world, had been the cause of very many churches falling into decay, if not utter ruin.

The Normans were essentially a building people; architecture was with them a passion. Mr. Freeman, in his "*Norman Conquest*," says: "A Norman noble of that age thought that his estate lacked its chief ornament if he failed to plant a colony of monks in some corner of his possessions."

No doubt the fashion of founding and restoring monasteries and churches became little more than a fashion. Many a man must have founded a

religious house or church, not from any special devotion, or any special liberality, but because it was the regular thing for a man in his position to do. But, be that as it may, it is possible that in the case of substantial reparation or rebuilding, the donor of large contributions or works may have consecrated his benefactions to his own particular favourite saint, and so the older dedication may in time have been forgotten or amalgamated with the new ascription. We have in each county an example of this.

In Kent, during the year 1179, Richard de Luci, the Justiciary of England, built a priory and church at Westwood in Lesness, near Erith, which he dedicated to the honour and glory of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and wherein he shortly afterwards terminated his eventful career, and yet only a few years later we find King John, in one of his charters, alluding to this edifice in the following terms: "*Johannes Dei gratia Rex Angliæ, etc., Sciatis nos . . . confirmasse Deo et Ecclesia beati Thomæ martiris de Westwuda in Liesnes.*"

So, too, at Ilford in Essex, the old hospital or almshouse chapel, originally founded by an abbess of the Benedictine Abbey of Barking in the early part of the reign of Henry II., was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, but after the canonization of Becket, his name was added, and, despite the injunctions of Henry VIII., and the refoundation

by his daughter Elizabeth, it is to this day used and known as the chapel of St. Mary and St. Thomas of Canterbury.

It will be remembered that Becket's sister, Mary, became Abbess of Barking, which is said to have been the first religious house established for women in the kingdom, it having been founded about the year 670 by St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in the reigns of Sebba and Sighere, Kings of the East Saxons. It may, perhaps, be in many cases of joint dedications to St. Mary and another that, although St. Mary be placed first, it was often used as a prefixed and expletive term, the last-named saint being the special dedication, as at Great Waltham in Essex, where the invocation is St. Mary and St. Laurence, and at Boxley in Kent, where the Blessed Virgin and All Saints are united.

It seems worthy of notice that church names in some parts of England appear to run in groups of almost adjoining parishes, as though some dominant influence had exercised its power upon the early piety of the ancient days in that particular district, though we must acknowledge that the two churches of Willingale Spain and Willingale Doe in Essex, standing within one and the same churchyard, bear dedications widely dissimilar, the former being ascribed to St. Andrew and All Saints, while the latter is dedicated to St. Christopher.

A very curious fable respecting the origin of these two churches still lingers in the minds of some of the more aged peasantry of the neighbourhood, which, like one of the several attaching to the double-towered church of Reculver in Kent, bears reference to two sisters: the local tradition in Essex being that, a lady having built the church of Willingale Spain, her sister, stirred by the spirit of emulation, erected another close to it, in order to prove to the world at large that she was a *willing girl too*.

As this explanation of the cause of the juxtaposition of the churches appears to be satisfactory to the rustic mind, and also impresses upon it the importance and advantage of a good example, it would seem almost wrong to dispel the illusion, for we know "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." A Dutch author has said that no Englishman can write a book without dotting its pages with quotations from Shakespeare. Now we must confess to having examined most of his plays with the object of discovering, if possible, what saints appear to have been popular, or at any rate common in the mouths of the people when he wrote. The result has been far from satisfactory, for although it is most evident that our great playwright had a masterful knowledge of the Bible and its contents—using that knowledge to a very great extent, and far too frequently placing

the names of the Deity on the lips of his various personages—we find very rare mention of the members of the celestial hierarchy.

Among the few alluded to are SS. Philip and James. The festivals of St. James the Less and of St. Philip are united together on May-day, which being also a popular holiday in the olden time, may account for the frequency of their appearance. St. Nicholas, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Dennys, St. George, St. Helen, the mother of Constantine. St. Francis, St. James the Great, St. Katherine, St. Philip, St. Alban, St. Lambert, All Souls, with Our Lady and the Holy Rood, about complete the list.

From the appended lists it will be seen that in these counties—as, indeed, is generally the case all over England—the dedications were, as a matter of course, most numerous to St. Mary. To her the eyes of all were raised, for all generations shall revere her most blessed name. Then came All Saints, so inclusive and so very conveniently comprehensive in form, securing, as was believed, the intercession of all, as all were equally appealed to. St. Peter, “the Rock,” gives his name, both by itself and in conjunction with St. Paul, to many churches in both counties; while St. Paul, unless united with St. Peter, appears to be a rather rare dedication in all parts of the kingdom, even the parish of Belchamp St. Paul in Essex having its church dedicated to St. Andrew, the name St. Paul being

affixed because King Athelstan, in the year 930, gave most of the land in the parish to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul in London.

It appears remarkable that so many churches should be dedicated to St. Andrew, he being the special saint of Scotland; but he himself, a fisherman, was also the patron of fishermen. And it will be remembered that the monastery founded by St. Gregory on Mount Cælius at Rome was dedicated to him, and that from it Gregory sent St. Augustine on his mission to Christianize Britain. Can it be that this association had anything to do with the veneration in which St. Andrew was evidently held in the olden time?

The name of St. Gregory appears once in each county, and once in conjunction with St. Martin in Kent. St. Augustine gives his name to four churches in Kent and two in Essex, while St. Martin appears twelve times in Kent and three in Essex. St. Helen, the Christian Empress, figures with St. Giles at Rainham in Essex, being, it is believed, the only example of such dedication in England. She founded the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem. From the circumstance that her son, Constantine the Great, was in Britain when he assumed the purple, Helen, or Helena, was supposed to have been a British Princess, whereas she was really a native of Bithynia; but



the British tradition, revived most probably during the Crusading period, made her name very popular throughout England.

If the early county historian, Kilburne, be correct, another probably unique dedication is that at Bethersden in Kent to St. Beatrice. There are, we believe, two Italian saints of this name recorded in the "Acta Sanctorum," but which is thus honoured in Kent is apparently unknown. The late Sir Stephen Glynne gives St. Margaret as the dedication of this church.

Churches bearing the name of St. Nicholas are generally found near the sea-coast, or on the banks of rivers, he being patron of the sailor, the captive, the poor, and children. This dedication appears to have been generally popular. He was Bishop of Myra in Asia, and died about A.D. 326. St. Giles, the French recluse, who died *circa* 712, is commemorated to an equal degree in both counties; we can only presume that the intercourse between France and England was the cause of his evident popularity here. Five churches—three in Essex and two in Kent—are dedicated to St. Edmund; this must be the generally revered martyr-king, slain in 870.

This prince, it will be remembered, was beaten and shot at by the Danes. They proceeded to cut off his head, which, as well as the decapitated trunk, they threw into the thickest part of the wood

of Eglesdene. The East Anglians afterwards recovered the body and buried it at Hoxne, but could not find the head. While engaged in the search, however, some of the searchers lost their company and called, "Where are you?" A voice answered, "Here, here, here!" On proceeding to the spot the head was found in a thicket of thorns guarded by a wolf. Or, according to Matthew of Westminster, *cum caput quærendo inter sylvas, socii ad socios clamantes patrio sermone. "Ubi es, ubi es?" interrogarent; caput martyris eâdem linguâ respondens dixit, "Her, her, her!"* This dedication may sometimes be confounded with St. Edmund the Bishop, who was Archbishop of Canterbury about 1240, and, after his decease, was canonized as St. Edmund of Pontigny.

The dedications to St. Michael are everywhere numerous, and the churches are usually situated on the summit of some steep hill. This invocation is said to be a survival of Celtic Christianity. In Essex there are six and in Kent three dedications to St. George, who was martyred in A.D. 285. Being a Christian soldier, he became idealized as a redresser of wrongs, the dragon-slayer, and, in the time of the Crusades, the patron of chivalry, and was adopted by Edward III., as the model of knighthood for the Order of the Garter, and hence came to be considered the tutelary saint of England. The modern prevalence of St. George in

church names is greatly due to loyal feeling during the Georgian era.

The St. Margaret whose name so frequently appears in Kent and Essex is probably the legendary St. Margaret, the virgin martyr of Antioch, who died in 306; but the saint of this name commemorated in the more northern counties may, perhaps, be the good and noble-minded Princess Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, and mother of David I. She was born in 1046, and founded many churches and religious houses.

It will be observed that Saints Simon, Jude, and Mark alone of the eleven disciples are conspicuous by their absence from our list of dedications; indeed, throughout England they appear very rarely among ancient invocations, though they seem to have been more favourably regarded in later days. The Holy Trinity and Holy Cross are both mediæval dedications. It would appear that four parochial churches in the two counties bore the name of the most uncompromising champion the Church ever possessed—Thomas Becket, the first Englishman since the Conquest raised to any high position in his country. There can be but little doubt that, after his canonization, his name was added to, or given in lieu of the then existing dedication of innumerable churches; but the injunction of Henry VIII. completely obliterated his name for awhile from the English calendar.

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The following list will show, so far as the writer can ascertain, the number of dedications to each saint in the two counties :

	KENT.	ESSEX.		KENT.	ESSEX.
St. Mary ... ..	87	57	St. Edmund ... ..	2	3
St. Mary the Virgin ... ..	9	47	St. Nicholas ... ..	21	20
The Virgin Mary ... ..	3	1	St. Leonard ... ..	4	3
The Blessed Virgin ... ..	1	1	St. John Baptist ... ..	19	8
The Blessed Virgin and All Saints ... ..	1	1	St. John Evangelist ... ..	3	5
SS. Mary and Sexburgh ... ..	1	1	The Holy Trinity ... ..	5	8
SS. Mary and Eanswyth ... ..	1	1	St. Andrew ... ..	5	29
St. Mary and The Holy Cross ... ..	1	1	St. Clement ... ..	4	2
St. Mary Magdalen ... ..	10	7	St. Vincent ... ..	1	1
St. Edith ... ..	1	1	Christ ... ..	1	1
St. Katherine ... ..	1	2	St. George ... ..	7	3
St. Margaret ... ..	20	12	St. James ... ..	12	8
St. Mildred ... ..	4	1	St. Bartholomew ... ..	5	1
St. Beatrice (?) ... ..	1	1	St. Luke ... ..	1	1
St. Eanswyth ... ..	1	1	St. Stephen ... ..	2	3
St. Helen ... ..	1	1	St. Thomas ... ..	1	2
The Holy Cross ... ..	3	2	St. Gregory ... ..	1	1
The Holy Innocents ... ..	1	1	All Saints ... ..	36	51
St. Matthew ... ..	1	1	SS. Mary and Laurence ... ..	1	1
St. Thomas of Canterbury ... ..	2	2	SS. Mary and Margaret ... ..	1	1
St. Augustine ... ..	4	2	S. Mary and All Saints ... ..	3	3
St. Anthony ... ..	1	1	SS. Mary and Leonard ... ..	2	2
St. Runwold ... ..	1	1	SS. Mary and Edmund ... ..	1	1
St. Cosmus ... ..	1	1	SS. Mary and Edward ... ..	1	1
SS. Cosmus and Damian ... ..	1	1	SS. Mary and Clement ... ..	1	1
St. Paulinus ... ..	2	2	St. Mary the Virgin and All Saints ... ..	2	2
St. Pancrace ... ..	2	2	St. Ethelbert and All Saints ... ..	2	2
SS. Gregory and Martin ... ..	1	1	St. Andrew and All Saints ... ..	1	1
St. Oswald ... ..	1	1	St. Laurence and All Saints ... ..	1	1
St. Werburgh ... ..	1	1	St. Giles and All Saints ... ..	1	1
St. Dunstan ... ..	5	1	SS. Helen and Giles ... ..	1	1
SS. Peter and Paul ... ..	33	9	St. John of Jerusalem ... ..	1	1
St. Peter ... ..	22	22	St. Germain ... ..	2	2
St. Paul ... ..	2	1	St. Swithin ... ..	1	1
St. Giles ... ..	5	5	St. Barnabas ... ..	2	2
St. Martin ... ..	12	3	The Holy Cross and St. Laurence ... ..	1	1
St. Alphege ... ..	3	3	Christ and Peter ... ..	1	1
All Souls ... ..	1	1	St. Edward the Confessor ... ..	1	1
St. Laurence ... ..	10	9	St. Christopher ... ..	1	1
St. Michael ... ..	12	14	Dedications unknown ... ..	5	27
St. Botolph ... ..	3	3			



### *PEWS OF THE PAST.*

**I**N every parish of England, from Cumberland to Cornwall, the one most important feature is the venerable building designated the parish church. This edifice, with its massive square tower, from which

"Ascends the tapering spire,  
That seems to lift the soul up silently  
To heaven with all its dreams,"

commands the sympathetic respect of all. Some remember with reverence the scenes which have been enacted within its walls in the days that have gone by, and hope that yet once more it will be the home of the ancient faith. All know that beneath the church's Gothic shade the ashes of their forefathers are laid in peace. A strange feeling of tranquil awe falls upon one on entering so holy and so ancient a building. But, unfortunately, to its habitual frequenters it contains within its walls a fruitful germ of envy, and one calculated to

utterly destroy a peaceful and contented state of mind ; for probably more heart-burnings and petty jealousies have been caused by the position of seats or pews within the church than by anything else connected with the sacred edifice, and it is to these that we now propose to turn our attention.

Ethelbert had given the pagan Saxon temple, embosomed in thickets, to Augustine and the monks who came with him. From its ruins and on the site of this temple rose the first Christian church in Kent, and the homely church of St. Pancrace became the type of future parochial churches. Simple in form, they possessed no furniture—the altar, the stone cross, and the sedilia for the clergy in the chancel, being in fact structural parts of the edifice. The parishioner—rich or poor, without distinction—who desired to attend divine service, could, on entering the church, place himself anywhere in the part designed for the congregation, none interfering, and here he was expected to stand or kneel the whole service through. The inconvenience to the old, the sick and infirm, must have been very great, compelled thus to stand on the damp, cold floor, whether paved with tiles or stones, or, as was more common, on the ground itself, the clay having been simply beaten hard. A stone bench in some instances ran round the north, south, and west walls, to which the weary might retire for a while. In Chaldon Church, Surrey, a long, low stone seat ran

along the wall of the south aisle until 1871, when it was restored away ; and in Acton Church, near Nantwich, there is a stone bench along the wall of the south aisle. And the porch was always provided with benches, where those coming from a distance might rest themselves before entering the building.

No sitting accommodation for the congregation appears to have been provided before the fourteenth century ; but it is probable mats were used to sit and kneel on long before.

In one parish there is a record of "*nats*" or mats of plaited straw being charged in the accounts ; and we know that straw and rushes were very generally used for *strewinge* the church.

In the *Antiquary* for June, 1889, p. 273, we read : "It is somewhat doubtful whether originally this strewing of rushes was not with a view of keeping the church clean, the rushes taking the place of mats. When roads were bad, and villagers had some distance to walk to church, probably they unintentionally brought a good deal of dirt into the building. This supposition arises from entries in some old churchwardens' accounts, where particular attention appears to be given to the *new pews*. In 1493, the churchwardens of St. Mary-at-Hill pay for 3 burdens of rushes for *ye new pews*, 3d. And in 1504, for two berden rysshes for the strewing the *new pews*, 3d. In other old parish accounts similar entries are to be found."

In the inventory of plate and furniture of Worcester Cathedral are "Three long carpetts to sytt upon at sermons," but these were for the *quyer*.

Sermons at this time were not the heavy, cumbersome discourses of the religious and political controversialists of the Reformation. The *Gesta Romanorum* was one of the most applauded compilations of the middle ages. Its great popularity encouraged the monks to adopt the method of instructing by fables, in their discourses from the moveable pulpits then in use, and thus endeavour to make an impression on the minds of their illiterate auditors. Short and interesting as these moral discourses must have been, the hearers were often chided for their restless inattention, probably induced by the standing or squatting position, which, through lack of seats, they were obliged to adopt.

Thus we find Bishop Bentham in his visitation articles directing the people "not to walk up and down in the church, nor to jangle, babble, nor talk in church time, but to give diligent attention to the priest."

And long before, in the fifteenth century, Myrc had noticed the very irreverent behaviour of those who lolled about, lounging against the pillars—as, perhaps, well they might, if the sermon happened to be inordinately long. He says, in his *Instruc-*



*tions for Parish Priests*, that men should put away all vanity.

"No non in Chyrche stonde schal,  
Ny lene to pyler, ne to wal,  
But fayre on Kneus they schule hem sette,  
Knelynge down up on the flette,

\* \* \* \* \*

And whenne the Gospelle red be schalle.  
Teche hem thenne to stonde up alle."

With the increase of domestic comforts the necessity for seats became urgent. The clergy reluctantly had allowed laymen of opulence to occupy stalls in the chancel hitherto reserved for themselves; and it became difficult to prevent other parishioners, differing but in degree, from enjoying the same privileges in the nave, hence moveable seats or benches were introduced. The poorer classes still being without either, the body of the church remained open; nor was the space thus left often unappropriated.

In 1326, the tithe-corn of Fenham, Fenwick, and Beele was collected in the chapel of Fenham; and about the same time, when the monks of Holy Island found their grange would hold no more, they converted the chapel attached to their manse into a temporary tithe-barn. A manor-court, called Temple Court, was held in the church of St. Mary and St. John Baptist, Dunwich, annually on the feast of All Souls. Wool was stored in one of the churches of Southampton, and a law-suit settled in St. Peter's Church, Bristol.

As an illustration of how old customs survive, we remember a case in Essex, where the non-resident incumbent came into the neighbourhood, and expressed a not unreasonable wish to perform service in the church of his parish. The principal farmer (an ancestor of the present writer), who was also churchwarden, was consulted ; but a difficulty presented itself. It was harvest time, the weather had been showery and uncertain, and the churchwarden was obliged to reply that they would have had much pleasure in seeing their rector amongst them, but that there had been a deficiency in barn accommodation, and the church was full of wheat.

That moveable seats were a source of danger to unpopular priests may be gathered from the account of a riot which took place in the church of St. Giles, Edinburgh : "When the Bishop stepped into the pulpit, hoping to appease them by reminding them of the sanctity of the place, they were the more enraged, throwing at him cudgels, stools, and what was in the way of fury." A woman was at the root of this mischief, one Janet Geddes, who, like the wretch that burnt the temple of Ephesus, would never have had her name mentioned but for some villainous exploit of this kind. She struck up the prologue to the subsequent tragedy by heaving her folding-stool at the Bishop. There are several stools preserved, which each claim to be Janet Geddes' stool so applied.

The derivation of the word "pew" is about as difficult to determine as the time in which it came into use. Dr. Johnson gives the word a Dutch origin, implying "a seat enclosed in a church." Among other explanations is that ingeniously suggested by Mr. A. Heales, F.S.A., in his exhaustive work on *The History and Law of Church Seats*, that Pewis may be a corruption of Pervis, the Parvis, or Paradise, used occasionally by our old writers to signify an enclosure.

Nearly all the pre-Reformation church seats in this country are of the late Perpendicular era. Pews were, however, in common use long before that time. In some parts of England it is now extremely uncommon to meet with a church still containing ancient pews, or, more properly speaking, benches, many of which fell victims, no doubt, to the fashion for family isolation in the sixteenth century; but in other parts old pews still remain, even in this present age of destructive restoration. Sir Thomas More often mentions them in his discourses. He tells how men "fell at varyance for kissing of the pax, or goyng before in procession, or setting of their wives' pews in the church." We may surmise from this that pews were sometimes restricted to women.

Lord Bacon tells us, "When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor, he did use, at mass, to sit in the chancel, and his lady in a pew." And,

"whereas uppon the holy days during his High Chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the church was donne, ordinarilie vsed to come to my Ladie, his wive's pue dore and saie unto her, 'Madam, my Lord is gone;' the next holidiaie after the surrender of his office, and departure of hys gentlemen from him, he came unto my Ladie his wife's pewe, himself, and making a low courtesie, said unto her, 'Madam, my Lord is gone.' But she, thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the Greate Seale."

At St. Botolph, Aldgate, an entry appears in the year 1553, of money paid a carpenter for "two new pewes, where Dr. Arthure Darsey and his wife are sett." A pew each. And Addison says: "If our sex take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches at church, a man and his wife would fill a whole pew." But a man and his wife were not allowed to try the experiment; the practice of separating the sexes seems never to have been abandoned from the earliest period of Christianity down to the present time. It is said to have been customary in the time of St. Mark; and the author of the Apostolic Constitution says: "Let the doorkeeper stand at the gate of the men, and the deaconesses at the gate of the women." St. Augustine intimates that each sex had its distinct place; and St. Ambrose, who was always getting into scrapes, "was once

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furiously assaulted in a church by an Aryan woman, who tried to hale him by his garments to the women's part, that they might beat him." The great Emperor Theodosius had to leave his seat in the sanctuary or chancel and sit without among the men; and the Empress Helena prayed with the women in their part of the church. Women were forbidden the privilege of sitting in the chancel in the seventeenth century, and although the men invaded that sacred portion, the women, ecclesiastically the most obnoxious, were the most pertinacious, although :

"Lewde men holy church wyl forbede,  
To stounde yn the chaunsel whyl men rede,  
Who so ever tharto ys custummer,  
Though he be of grete powere ;

\* \* \* \*

Yet for wommen's sake thys tale yo tolde  
That they oute of the chaunsel holde,"

for it was great folly for women to stand with the clergy :

"Other at matyns or at messe,  
But if hyt was yn cas of stresse—  
For thereof may come temptacyun,  
And dysturbling of devocyun."

This practice of the laity sitting in the chancel should have ceased when the nave became occupied with pews ; but such was not the case. Yet in an age full of mystical significations, when every part of a church was symbolized, it appears nothing strange that the division of the sexes should still

maintain, that the men should be placed on the southern, the women on the northern side, to signify that the saints which be most advanced in holiness should stand against the greater temptations of the world ; but according to others, the men are to be in the forepart (*i.e.*, eastward), the women behind, because the husband is the head of the wife, and therefore should go before her." The extreme simplicity of this arrangement makes its symbolical character more impressive.

The seventeenth century came, and with it the time when the pews in Catholic England became magnificent and comfortable ; the patron of the church had always been well seated, the squire fairly so ; but now money and position could acquire by precept, license, or faculty what was needed. Sermons of the highest importance in reference to disputed tenets, and the religious and political controversies of the day, were preached in country parishes ; and rustic priests, who derived but a scanty subsistence from their tithe-sheaves and tithe-pigs, developed the professional spirit in the highest. In the words of Macaulay, "living in seclusion, with little opportunity of correcting their opinions, they held and taught the doctrines of hereditary right, of passive obedience, and of non-resistance in all their crude absurdity. The high pew became a refuge for parishioners to sit or sleep in, where the Puritan could listen to a teaching not

sufficiently reformed, and the loyal Catholic could cross himself in safety and mutter his aves unnoticed. The luxury of some pews of this date may be inferred from their having glass windows. At Merstham, in Surrey, until very recently, there were pews raised some feet above the cold damp floor, comfortably fitted, and possessing a fireplace and table—by no means an uncommon example. Such pride of place must have been peculiarly offensive, even in private chapels. William Philpot, of Gomersham, leaves a legacy to build anew the seats called *le pews*. From pews having been formerly made to hold two originated the word *pew-fellow*, now obsolete; we have, however, a word nearly equivalent, by which we say of persons in the same difficulties that they are in the *same box*. That such seats were well considered and tended we may readily believe. In the "Book of Nurture," by John Russell, A.D. 1420, the following advice is given concerning "the office of a chamberlain to prepare for his master attending church":

"Prynce or prelate if hit be, or any other potestate,  
Or he entur in to the churche, be it erly or late.  
Perceue all thynges for his pewe, that it be made preparete,  
Bothe cosshyn, carpet, and curteyn, bedes and boke forget  
not that,  
Then to your souereyne's chambar walk ye in haste."

It was this fashion of having "seates or pews made high and easie for the parishioners to sit or sleepe in, a fashion of no long continuance, and

worthy of reformation," which called forth the indignant reproof from Bishop Corbet: "I am verily persuaded," he says, "were it not for the pulpit and the pews (I do not now mean the Altar and the Font for the two sacraments, but for the pulpit and stools as you call them) many churches had been down that stand. Stately pews are now become tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the Word of God on; we have casements, locks and keys, and cushions—I had almost said bolster and pillows; and for those we love the Church." Strong words, but undoubtedly in their time very true.

A pew seems, from the following story, to have been the eminence upon which sometimes offenders did public penance: "'These witnes in dede will not lye,' as the pore man sayd by the priest, 'if I may be homely to tell you a mery tale by the way.' 'A mery tale,' quod I, 'commith never amyse to me.' The pore man quod he, had founde ye priest over famyliar with his wife, and bycause he spake of it abroad and could not prouue it, the priest sued him before ye byshoppe's officiale for dyffamatyon, where the pore man vpon paine of cursynge (*i.e.* excommunication), was commanded that in hys paryshe chyrche, he should vpon ye Sondaye, at high masse time, stande vp and sai, 'Mouth, thou lye.' Whereupon for fulfilling of hys penance vp was the pore soul set in a pew, that the people



might wonder on hym and hyre what he sayd. And there all a lowed (when he had rehersyd what he had reported by the priest), then he sett hys handys on his mouthe, and said, 'Mouth! mouth, thou lvest,' and by and by, thereupon he set his hand vpon his eyen, and said, 'But eyen, eyen,' quod he, 'by ye mass, ye lie not a whitte.'"

Before the well-cushioned family pew could be reached, a journey in many cases had to be undertaken, sometimes attended with no few difficulties. All the establishment was beaten up, and the lord of the manor marched at the head of no mean procession, carrying his favourite hawk on his wrist, and closely followed by his hounds. The latter, when arrived at the church, were placed in the "hall dog pew" during divine service. One of these pews was in existence and used for this purpose till about seventy years ago.

That the clergy possessed no power to check the freaks of the squirarchy, and, if they had, would not have used it to the hurt or hindrance of those animals which ministered to their pleasures, is most abundantly proved. It was always difficult to restrain the clergy from the pursuit of field sports from the time of King Edgar to that of Rowland Hill. One of the ecclesiastical canons passed in the reign of the former enjoins: "That no priest be a hunter, or fowler, or player at tables, but let him play on his books as becometh his calling."

A Scottish laird, ensconced in the family pew, thought nothing of there smoking his accustomed pipe, and the yelping cur at his feet would often disturb the parson in the midst of his most polished eloquence. But the social barometer had not then risen ; the parsons were not as yet the men they were in the days of Cowper :

“ The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
And then skip down again ; pronounce a text,  
Cry hem ; and reading what they never wrote,  
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene !”

As an example of the way in which licenses for pews were asked for and obtained, we may mention the instance of a clergyman and his wife who alleged that they had lately purchased an ancient house in the parish, “where, by reason of the scituation and ayre, she, for her healthe’s sake, for five monethes past, and he also doe sometimes dwell,” and not having a convenient seat, and there “also wanting a seat for women who came after childbirth to give God thanks,” they offered to build, in a void place, a seat for themselves and one for such women. So a faculty was granted to them for leave to build two pews. Thus, with a show of providing occasional additional accommodation to a part of the parishioners, they acquired two new pews for themselves and servants. One would scarcely expect so palpable a sham to prove successful.

The absence of any system in making these early grants will be seen in another case: "The applicant, a widow, was decreed to be restored to the 'uppermost roome' in the pew, as before, and her husband's place also to be restored if she should again marry." In another, the Court directed the churchwardens to "place Mr. Church, his daughters, when God should send them him, in the said third seat."

The attempt to seat parishioners according to their degree, three centuries ago, involved very great litigation, and we are sorry to think that, ever since, pews have been fought for more for the pride of place than as places for prayer. Man is a creature of habit. It is likely that while many persons would consciously or unconsciously each acquire a habit of occupying a particular place, their neighbours would, from friendly feelings or peaceable motives, be disinclined to interfere, a right by courtesy would be acquired, and this right be allowed on no other grounds by the Ecclesiastical Courts. We take for granted the undisputed right of the patron and the lord of the manor to share with the rector those parts of the chancel which have by common consent appertained respectively thereto.

While on the Continent the parson is chargeable for the repairs of the whole church, in England he is responsible for the state of the chancel alone, and in some instances not for that.

In London, from long usage, the inhabitants claim the right of appointing both churchwardens, and they have the privilege and duty of repairing the chancel as well as the nave, and apportioning the seats in both, but, as a rule, their authority is limited to the nave. The claim of churchwardens to appoint to everyone where he must sit in the church appears to have been enforced in 1605 against one Laricelot Ridley, who was presented "for that he will not be ordered for his seat in church, being appointed by the churchwardens," and being interrogated on the next Court-day whether he had done so, "Dixit, that he hath not, nor doth sit in it," wherefore he was pronounced in contempt, and suspended "*ab ingressu ecclesiæ*." Rather a singular punishment, but no doubt a very effectual means of preventing a repetition of the offence. There might be reasons we know not of why Lancelot Ridley would not sit where he was ordered. We have heard of church rats and mice, but a "hungry —," well, we will give the extract from a Westminster churchwarden's account :

"1610.—Paid to Goodwyfe Wells for salt to destroy the fleas in the churchwardens seat, 6d."

Perhaps such presence may have been accepted as a reasonable excuse, which, under an Act of Elizabeth, every inhabitant had to make for not being present at the solemn services of the church. But if some sittings were uncomfortable, we may

imagine those provided by the generosity of benefactors were not so.

Amongst these we should class the pew erected in the nave of Little Bemington Church by a shepherd crossed in love, who, lacking a *memento mori* inscription, has spoiled the effect of his commodious pew by placing a skeleton carved in wood, "neither cheerful nor appropriate," in the south-west angle with the inscription :

" For couples joined in wedlock ; and my Friend  
That stranger is ; This seate I did intende,  
But (? built) at the cost and charge of  
STEPHEN CROSBEE,  
1640."

About this time (1641), the pews were so arranged in many churches that they could be taken up and the ground used—that is, for burials. Among many pews bearing inscriptions we may mention, as an example, one at Whalley to this effect :

" Factum est per Rogerum Nowell,  
Ann. MCCCCXXXIII."

The history of it is this, as appears from the deposition of an old parish clerk, given in a suit in 1605 : A pew belonging to the Townley family, in right of their manor of Hapton, was anciently called St. Anton's Cage, and a dispute having arisen in respect to places in the church, Sir Joseph Townley, as the principal man in the parish, was called upon to decide it, and afterwards it was remembered that he had made use of the following

remarkable words: "My man Shuttleworth, of Hacking, made this form, and here will I sit when I come; and my cousin Nowell may make one behind me, if he please; and my son Sherbourne shall make one on the other side, and Mr. Catterale another behind him, and for the residue the use shall be, 'First come, first speed,' and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to church."

This is simply the sovereign order of the local autocrat, for which no authority but his *ipse dixit* is pretended.

In contrasting the pewed churches of the seventeenth century with the bare and comparatively unfurnished naves of earlier times, we should remember that, though the pre-Reformation congregations were, for the most part, unseated, they usually stood or knelt, as we have remarked, within reach of benches, to which they could retire in case of illness or extreme fatigue. So long as the people's quarter preserved its old social usages, and was by turns a court-house, a market-hall, a granary, and a place for such neighbourly entertainments as church-ales and bid-ales, it usually contained, stacked away in corners, a stock of boards, stools, and tables. It seems to us strange that the sacred buildings should have been used for any secular purposes, yet such was the case, and the advice given by Seager in his "Schoole of Virtue,"

"Imprinted in Paules Churchyearde, Anno 1557,"  
was necessary, though often disregarded :

"When to the churche thou shalt repayer,  
Knelynge or standynge, to God make thy prayer,  
All worldly matters from thy minde set apart,  
Earnestly prayinge, to God lyfte vp thy heart."

Would that we could do away altogether with fixed seats, which, with their hard harsh lines, do so much to detract from the beauty and dignity of our churches. The clergyman stands to read the lessons and to preach, so, surely, we should stand to receive and hear the Word of God. Standing and kneeling are the only attitudes recognised by the Book of Common Prayer. Sermons are not now the lengthy affairs they were in the seventeenth century, when preaching was regarded as the great function of religion. Of course there should be a sufficient number of chairs for the use of the old and infirm, and this would suffice if only the services of the Church were separated, as they are in the Prayer-Book, instead of two or three being taken together, such as Matins, Litany, and Holy Communion. This it is which tends to weary the worshipper, and keeps so many away who would gladly attend a short office.





#### *MONUMENTAL BRASSES.*

**P**ROBABLY all that it is possible to say respecting these relics of olden time has already been written. For apart from the exhaustive works of Haines and Boutell, nearly every county of England yet retaining any of these interesting memorials of the dead has found one or more persons both eager and qualified to enumerate and describe its remaining treasures. The facility with which perfect copies can be taken by means of the composition known as heel-ball, has induced many hundreds of persons, since the year 1780, to engage in the work of forming collections of what are termed rubbings. The lack of artistic skill being no detriment, all can enter upon the occupation with a feeling of certainty that the exercise of ordinary care will produce a perfectly faithful impression of the brass about to be rubbed.

So common was the practice some thirty years



since, that one could scarcely enter a country house, or rectory, without finding its library and passage walls hung with the black figures of long-departed warriors and ecclesiastics. To the taste thus fostered, the study of archæology is indebted for some of its brightest and most learned followers.

After a time, as is generally the case with everything that is new, the practice fell into comparative disuse, and little was heard of the doings and exploits of the band of brass-rubbers. Now, the mania (unfortunate in all other respects) for so-called church restoration, having brought to light many hitherto unknown and inedited memorials long hidden under the floors of ugly boxes, mis-called pews, aided by the inevitable turn in public taste, has awakened all the former interest in these frequently really exquisite works of art, which has culminated in the formation of the "Cambridge University Association of Brass Collectors," designed to collect and prepare for publication a full and complete list of the ancient brass figures, inscriptions, and fragments thereof yet existing in the parish churches and minsters of the still United Kingdom.

It is now frequently asked, What can be the use of making a collection of such rubbings? The answer is obvious. That from no other source can we obtain so clear an insight into the costume of past ages; and if we apply ourselves to their study,

we escape the danger of falling into the inconsistency and confusion so prevalent among the painters and actors of a past generation.

Only a few years since we were accustomed to see upon the English stage, and in paintings representing historic subjects, executed by artists of the highest celebrity, armour and dresses of every period of our history mingled together in one and the same scene — Macbeth represented in the armour of the seventeenth century, and Hamlet in a costume which would have astonished the friends of that most melancholy Prince. And not only this, but costumes which, in fact, never had any existence at all, clothing the representatives of some of the greatest heroes of our land. By the aid of the monumental brasses enshrined within the walls of many of our parish churches, the Crusader who bled at Acre, the victors of Crecy and Poitiers, the conquerors at Agincourt, rise before us in a correct representation of the arms and armour they really used and wore. We can trace the gradual deterioration of armour through the leaders who strove in the Wars of the Roses, to those who glittered on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Then another series commences, and we see the cumbrous armour of the time of James I. give way to the sturdy buff jerkin and jack-boots of those who fell for the cause of England's murdered King,

or to the sad coloured cloak and steeple hat of the rebel Puritan. From the same sources also we are able to picture many a scene in which the early ecclesiastics bore so prominent a part—St. Thomas Becket as he defied King Henry at Woodstock, as he fell foully murdered before the little altar of St. Benedict at Canterbury; the Abbot of Inchaffray as he appeared when giving absolution to the Scottish army before the battle of Bannockburn; Wolsey as he issued from his palace in Whitehall; Latimer as he preached at Paul's Cross; Laud as he walked to his execution. All these start up before us in no fancied or unreal costume.

A curious instance of the faithfulness of the representation of costume is afforded by the beautiful figure of Sir Roger de Trumpington, in Trumpington Church, near Cambridge. He is represented cross-legged, and we know that he was really a Crusader, for we find, recorded by Rymer, a copy of the safe conduct for him and Prince Edward to the Holy Land. Sir Roger is mentioned in a contemporary document, now preserved in the Public Record Office, as being one of the thirty-eight knights who tilted in the great tournament held at Windsor Park in the sixth year of Edward I. (A.D. 1278), on which occasion, this document tells us, he wore ailettes, or little wings of leather tied on to the shoulders by silken cords, and that they were furnished him by one Milo, the currier, at a

cost of eightpence ; this sum and the total expense (nineteen shillings) of the whole suit of armour was defrayed by the King, as a special mark of royal favour. It consisted, as set forth in the roll of regal expenses for that year, of a tunic, a sur-coat with arms, a pair of ailettes, a crest, a shield with arms, a helmet of leather, and a sword of balon.

So on the altar tomb in Trumpington Church we find engraved upon the brass an exact representation to the most minute detail of the royal gift. The gallant warrior, in accord with a general custom, undoubtedly took care during his lifetime to have prepared a tombstone inlaid with the brass figure representing himself clad in the highly-prized gift of a grateful sovereign. The marginal inscription is lost, but it is a matter of fact that Sir Roger died in 1289, and the brass, from its style of execution, was probably engraved a short period before that date. So, too, the merchant of bygone centuries, in his long flowing robe faced with miniver, with rosary and gypciere attached to his girdle, and his own peculiar sign or mark represented beneath his feet, will be added to our pictorial store, with the civilian and his lady in their appropriate gowns.

And yet another and a fairer list remains. The queens of love and beauty at many a long forgotten passage of arms, whose names are now unknown, or merely recorded in the short memorial of a

legendal brass. We can picture sovereigns who, like Margaret of Anjou, took up arms to defend the throne from rebels; for at Shernebourne, in Norfolk, we find the effigy of Jemima de Cherney, the faithful friend and maid-of-honour to this unhappy Queen. She is habited in the sideless robe, and wears the curious horned head-dress, probably a facsimile of one worn by her royal mistress. Or like Philippa of Hainault, who, while her husband was engaged in Continental conquest, led an army to defend his kingdom against the Scotch invader. These are ours to reproduce, to reinvest with what they doubtless would have considered no mean or unworthy subject of meditation and care—a correct costume. Frequently the most curious and interesting brasses in the matter of minute details will be found representing persons of little or no celebrity. An unknown and long-forgotten knight will perhaps mark the period of some change in defensive armour. And a nameless chantry priest may afford a better example of ecclesiastical vestments than the effigy of the rich and chronicled rector.

The origin of this kind of monument may probably be found in the effigies of low relief common in the twelfth century, which may have been relinquished for flat metal plates from motives of convenience; as they, forming part of the pavement, would be no obstacle or encumbrance. By

this supposition it is evident that the beautiful canopies so often found in brasses are the retention of the architectural accessories to the figure in relief. The art itself was by no means a new one, for metals had been long most successfully engraved for ornaments, etc., so that monumental brasses are found to exhibit no rude beginnings, but, on the contrary, may be said to have been in perfection at their first introduction, and to have slowly deteriorated at the close of the fifteenth century, till they became utterly debased, both in design and execution, in the seventeenth. In France, before the Revolution, there were numerous specimens, both of the enamelled work called "*Opus de Limogiæ*," from their being manufactured at Limoges, and also of the ordinary flat effigies, dating from the thirteenth century downwards; but these were all destroyed for the sake of the material, and England is now the only country in which they are to be found to any extent. The much greater proportion being found in the Eastern Counties, this has been accounted for by the theory that they were brought over from Flanders, and chiefly used in the parts lying nearest the Continent.

Others have thought it to be in consequence of the greater wealth of the manufacturing districts; but such is not at all probable, as if that were the case, costly altar-tombs of marble would have been

used, with figures sculptured out of the same material. The real cause was probably the scarcity of stone in this part of England.

The counties in which the greatest number of brasses remain are Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent. They are numerous in Cambridgeshire, Northamptonshire, Bedfordshire, Bucks, Herts, Middlesex, Surrey, and Sussex, but in the Western Counties they are comparatively rare. There are very few in Gloucestershire, Worcestershire, and Shropshire ; while in Staffordshire there are scarcely any. In Wales not more than thirty remain. Glasgow Cathedral is said to contain the only Scottish example ; and in Ireland there are two of late date in Dublin Cathedral.

On the Continent, they are found at Bruges, Aix la Chapelle, Meissen, and in some other parts of Germany ; one at Seville, in Spain ; a few in Funchal Cathedral, Madeira. An interesting one remains in Constance Cathedral of the year 1416, commemorating the English Bishop, Hallum, who died in that city. It is said to have been made in England. There are a few of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries in Denmark. Italy has none.

The study of these memorials, therefore, has a special claim on our interest as being peculiarly a national one. But unfortunately England, during the last few centuries, has by no means escaped all plunder of this sort ; if it had, there would not be

a village church without its ancient brasses, and our cathedrals and minsters would literally be paved with these glittering memorials.

In the year 1612 the pavement of York Minster alone contained 120 brasses, and of these but one remains. Look at Westminster, and see how many lovely crosses and episcopal figures have been stolen. In Canterbury and Rochester Cathedrals not one remains. The despoiled slabs and vacant matrices in every ancient church tell us the wretched tale of a far too literal interpretation of the injunction of 1547, against superstitious inscriptions and the like, which were to be so utterly destroyed "that there should remain no memory of them in wall, glass windows, or elsewhere within churches." The common plaintive appeals, "Orate pro anima," and "on whose soul Jesu have mercy," were held sufficient to doom them to destruction.

The unhappy civil war of the seventeenth century has much to answer for in this matter, the misguided zeal of the victorious Puritan unfortunately leading him in his ignorance to destroy gems of inestimable value, and urging him to the commission of acts at which his calmer judgment undoubtedly recoiled. In an old play we are told, "Monstrous! I have seen a sumptuous steeple turned into a stinking closet; more beastly, the sacredest place made a dog-kennel; nay, most inhuman, the stone coffins of long-fled Christians



burst up and made hog-troughs." This being so, we can well imagine the scant mercy shown to those memorials, and realize the wholesale destruction which went on when the churches of England fell into the hands of the exultant Cromwellians.

Then, again, in the eighteenth century, when the church bells were so generally being recast, most undoubtedly came another sad period of plunder—hundreds of invaluable memorials being, for "very greediness of metal," cast into the melting-pot to save the pockets of the parishioners.

But in our time, fortunately, there has sprung up to a degree hitherto unprecedented a love of what is old, of what is beautiful, of what is venerable, which will for the future effectually protect these memorials of the dead.

Considered as works of art, the earlier brasses partake of the simplicity and religious feeling observable in the architecture of the period. In some cases the drawing may not be anatomically correct, but the drapery is usually deserving of high praise, and where chain-mail, or ornaments of a minute character are employed, they are executed with such care that the labour expended must have been very great. Some few are undoubtedly portraits of the person commemorated. The material of which they are made is that anciently called *latten*, a hard mixed metal similar to that now used for taps, etc. As there was no manufacture of brass plate in

England till the year 1639, the *cullen* plate, made at Cologne and in the low countries, was probably used. But though the plate was imported, there is every reason to believe that the brasses were engraved in England, there being a great difference between the engraving of known English and Flemish examples. We find on examination that the incised lines were filled with pitch, or some composition of a resinous character, either black or otherwise; thus the design was rendered more apparent. Coats of arms, the apparels of ecclesiastical vestments, and official robes, were very generally coloured, and accordingly we find the surface hatched in cross lines. The pigment so frequently visible on brasses placed upon altartombs was a substance very similar to sealing-wax, and required coarse hatching for its reception. It was poured in in a liquid state and left to harden—a process cheaper than enamelling, but more perishable.

Where the heraldic argent—that is, *silver*—was to be used, a mixed metal resembling pewter was employed, and for this purpose the brass was scratched in perpendicular lines. The colour was easily effaced by being trodden upon, and thus but few instances of coloured brasses remain; but many will be found to possess marks of their ancient decoration. One of the most perfect occurs at Little Easton, in Essex. Enamel was used but

sparingly, for brass is not capable of sustaining the intense heat required; therefore either a copper-plate was used instead, or the enamel was inserted on a thin lamina of copper, and the whole laid on the brass. Sometimes, though rarely, the metal was burnished, or gilded. The earliest brass of which we have any record was at St. Paul's Church, Bedford, to Simon de Beauchamp, circa 1208, but that no longer exists. At present the earliest *known* brass is that of Sir John D'Abernon, 1277. Several brasses of an early date were evidently executed by the same artist, as great similarity in minute points is shown in them. Many brasses have been found to be engraved on both sides; these are termed palimpsest, and are probably spoilt plates, or portions of destroyed memorials turned and re-engraved for economical reasons. A notable example is at Margate, bearing on one side a portion of an inscription to a Mrs. Flüt, and on the other, part of the border of what must have originally been a very large and fine Flemish brass. The top medallion represents two boys walking on stilts, the middle a coat of arms, and the lower a girl catching butterflies.

In brasses, founders of churches are represented holding a church in their hands, judges with a coif of fur on their heads, notaries and schoolboys with inkhorn and pen attached to their girdles. Widows are distinguished by a gorget under the chin. Un-

married females wear long hair flowing over the shoulders. The vestments in which the clergy are represented consist of three varieties—the eucharistic, processional, and academical. Priests are often represented holding a chalice with a consecrated wafer, bearing either a cross or the sacred monogram. Mitred abbots are distinguished from bishops either by holding the pastoral staff in the right hand and giving the benediction with the left, or by having it in the left hand with the crook turned inwards. Emaciated figures and skeletons, with or without a winding-sheet, are common, and were probably laid down during the lifetime of the person commemorated, to serve as a gentle reminder of their coming dissolution.

Some are very repulsive in their details, and are probably of Continental origin. Children are represented in groups beneath their parents; their number in many instances is calculated to excite astonishment and pity. Infants are frequently represented in swaddling clothes. One of the most interesting examples is that representing Benedict Lee, a chrism child, at Chesham Bois, in Buckinghamshire.

Some of the double and triple canopies of the fifteenth century are very beautiful, and add greatly to the appearance and importance of the composition in which they form so prominent a part. The earliest inscriptions are composed of distinct capital

letters, running round the four sides of the slab ; until 1410 they are frequently in French, but sometimes in Latin. The earliest instance of an English epitaph occurs in 1393. Cushions are placed under the head of the lady, and the tilting-helmet under that of a knight. Dogs are put beneath the feet of ladies, and lions and sometimes dogs beneath the *soulières* of their warrior husbands.

The most beautiful and the rarest of all monuments are the brass crosses, that were formerly to be seen in the chancel of every parish church in England, covering the resting-place of at least one of its departed priests. In no case has the destroyer's zeal defeated its purpose more than this, for by leaving the indented stones to show the extent of the devastation, they have roused up indignation against themselves and unfeigned admiration for those who designed and laid such charming memorials.

These cross-brasses appear to have been more common in the fourteenth than in the fifteenth century. A very fine example, commemorating John Lumbarde, lies in the chancel of Stone Church, near Dartford, in Kent. He was rector of the parish, and died in 1408. The inscription is now lost, but has fortunately been preserved by Weever in his "*Funeral Monuments.*" Some of the latest brasses belonging to the old series are in the

church of St. Mary Cray, Kent, and are dated 1773. In many cases more modern inscriptions have been placed beneath figures of a much earlier date ; these form a distinct class of palimpsest, and are sometimes difficult to detect. In other instances the robbery is patent to even a superficial observer.





### CHURCH BELLS.

“The bell invites me.”

**T**O the vast majority of people it is more than probable that the bell is merely an instrument for producing sound, but if they read the works of Mr. Stahlschmidt and the late Mr. T. North they will find that it is a great deal more. Every bell, it is true, has a tongue, and can speak for itself into the ears of the listeners; but it has also a tale reserved for those only who will pay a visit to it in its airy habitation.

The mention of bells occurs in some of the oldest historical records which have been handed down to us. We are told that the mules employed at the funeral of Alexander the Great had everyone of them a gold bell attached to each jaw. It does not, however, appear that bells were brought into use for the purpose of calling congregations together for Christian worship until the third or fourth century, although it is related that one was

put up at the gate of the Temple of Jupiter in Rome to call the people to the dark rites of heathen worship. Whether it was from such a practice among the heathen that the early Christians were led to adopt the use of bells for a similar purpose may be uncertain ; but most probably it was so, though it does not seem likely that any public signal for Christian worship was given until the times of persecution had passed away, and the first means employed for this purpose may have been trumpets, which were used by the Jews of old, or some rude instruments of wood or iron struck by mallets, or perhaps even by the voice of someone going round crying "Alleluia !" But it would seem clear that they were used in England from the period of the first erection of our parish churches.

The first church-bells were made of sheet metal riveted together, and sometimes dipped in molten metal, and frequently had wooden crowns, and were, in fact, very much like the ancient, and, for that matter, modern cow-bells so well-known to all travellers in Bavaria. We do not know the exact period when the art of casting church-bells was first discovered, but we do know that St. Dunstan, who died in A.D. 977, had bells made for the use of the great religious houses of Abingdon and Canterbury. And it is evident that they at once obtained a great deal of popularity, because it is pretty certain that



there were many bells of large size and deep tone cast long before the days of St. Dunstan.

It is possible that the honour of having had the first large peal of bells known in England may belong to Croyland Abbey, in Lincolnshire. According to Ingulphus, "the Abbot of Croyland gave to that church a peal of six bells;" and he goes on to say that "there was not such a ring of bells in England." This statement clearly implies that there were then smaller peals of bells wherewith to compare it. Indeed, it is most likely that at the time of the Norman Conquest there were bells in all the narrow unbattered towers of that period, and that the broad and massive Norman towers that were contemporaneous with and succeeded these English erections were without doubt designed and intended to hold rings of great bells.

The earliest dated bell of which we know is one that came from Fontenailles, and now in the museum at Bayeux. It is not very large, and bears the following inscription:

" + . XV R R XIP A T M CC II ;"

which has been read as :

+ Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat. 1202.

At Chaldon, in Surrey, is a bell of such archaic shape—inscribed, " + Capana Beati Pavli"—that the date of its founding must be ascribed to the twelfth century. It is two feet high, and about

twenty inches in diameter. A bell at Goring, in Oxfordshire, cannot be later than 1290; while the earliest dated bell in England is at Claughton, in Lancashire, cast in 1296.

Ever since bells have been made of any considerable weight it has been customary to place inscriptions on them in letters cast with the bell, and so being part of itself. These inscriptions give great interest and character to the bells which bear them, and make them something more to the intelligent observer than mere "instruments of sounding brass."

In the thirteenth century *compagne magnæ* occur as matters of course in lists of church goods, and bell-ringing is frequently referred to by the chroniclers in connection with acts of public rejoicing. In 1284, one Roger de Ropeford was employed to cast four bells for the cathedral at Exeter. In those early days, and even until the eighteenth century, bells were commonly cast at or near the places where they were to be hung. It is recorded that the hearth of one of the prebendal houses of Ripon was spoiled by having a bell cast at it, and had to be renewed. Hasted, in his "History of Kent," states that, when the bells of Meopham Church were recast in a barn near that building, the authorities, being short of metal, tore up, with one exception, all the monumental brasses in the church, and threw them into the melting-pot to

increase the quantity of metal. Bell-founders went from place to place with their plant, getting all the work they could, and then moving on. It is more than probable that their accidental presence often stimulated local effort and rivalry between parishes, especially after the development of change-ringing.

It was the custom in early times to dedicate bells to the service of God with solemn rites, similar to those used in the consecration of churches. This custom certainly prevailed from the eighth to the sixteenth century, and was generally termed the baptism of bells, wherein they were often named after some saint, and the sole inscription on many ancient bells is the name of that saint. Thus the four bells at Margaretting in Essex are dedicated to the Evangelists; the smallest, probably cast about the end of the fourteenth century, bears the words, "Sancte Johanne."

In the following illustrations we have selected examples given by the late Mr. North in his "Church Bells of Bedfordshire," and from a collection of rubbings and squeezes of the inscriptions upon some of the bells contained in the towers and cots of the old churches in Essex found by the writer when engaged in assisting our departed friend in the preparation of a projected volume upon the church bells of Essex:

At Carlton in Bedfordshire is a bell bearing the simple inscription: "+ S. Marthe," *i.e.*, the bell of

St. Martha, termed by Mr. North an unusual dedication, and probably connected with that cultus of St. Martha which became somewhat popular in the Middle Ages. It is supposed to have been founded in 1520 by Thomas Newcombe of Leicester. Persons who gave or bequeathed bells often had the name of the saint after whom they themselves were baptized given to the bell.

In Kerry's account of the church of St. Lawrence, Reading, we find an extract from the will of Henry Kelsall of that town, who died in 1493, providing for a new bell in these words: "Item, I will and charge that a tenour belle be made according to the iiij. bellis that now hange in the stepyl of Saynte Lawrence Church of Reading aforeseide to the some of (blank). The Scripture to be made about the same bell—Henry. The Bell of Jhu." The bell was made, and there was "payed for halowyng of the grete bell namyd Harry, vis. viii*l*."

Sometimes we find a bell bearing the name of the saint to whom the church was dedicated, and when in one church there were several altars dedicated in honour of different saints, each would have its own bell named after its own saint, to be sounded for the mass at that particular altar. Very frequently a bell is represented as calling itself by, or referring to its own name, as at Ardleigh in Essex, where the sixth bell, cast about 1450 by one

of the family of Brasyer of Norwich, is thus inscribed :

*"Sum Rosa pulsata mundi Maria vocata."*

One of the pious customs of our forefathers was to ring night and morning a bell, at the sound of which the people said the angelic salutation, repeating the words of the angel Gabriel in thankful praise to God for sending His Son to be born for us. There was generally a bell specially used for this purpose called "Gabriel," and several of these remain in Essex. At Aythorp-Roothing there are three very ancient bells, and one is thus inscribed :

*"De celis missi nomen habeo Gabrielis,"*

the others bearing the following inscriptions :

*"Virgini atque matri resonat campana Marie,"*

and

*"Huic fratris Simonis Andrei nomen habet."*

At Upminster, in the same county, one of the three bells is inscribed :

*" + Sancte Gabriell ora pro nobis + ."*

So late as 1726 one R. Still, probably a Romanist, gave by will twenty shillings yearly for tolling a bell in Cowden Church, Kent, at 5 a.m. and 8 p.m., this being undoubtedly a survival of the ancient custom. Probably the most frequent inscription found upon ancient bells is an invocation addressed to the favourite saint of its donor. Thus, in the

beautiful brick tower of the Billericay Chantry Chapel, erected during the reign of Edward IV. by a member of the Sulyard family, the sole remaining bell bears the following inscription :

" Sancte Katerina ora pro nobis.  
Thomas de Hedenham me fecit,"

although the chantry itself is dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen. At Good Easter in Essex is a bell inscribed :

" + O + Sancte + Thoma + ora + pro + nobis."

At Mountnessing we find :

" + Sancte + Jacobi + ora + pro + nobis +."

And at Stambourne in the same county, once again :

" + O + Sancte + Thoma + ora + pro + nobis +."

The saint thus invoked is most probably the martyr of Canterbury. Hackliffe in Bedfordshire boasts of the only complete ring of ancient bells in that county, three in number, with these inscriptions :

- " 1. Vox Augustini sonet in aure Dei.
2. Sancte Thoma ora pro nobis.
3. Sancta Margareta ora pro nobis."

They all bear characteristic stamps, well known all over the country from Cumberland to Cornwall. In Great Burstead, Essex, four out of the five bells have been recast, but the fifth bears the date 1436, and the inscription :

" Vox Augustine sonet in aure Dei."

Often, too, we find all over England short familiar sentences from the Church Services, as :

“*XPE audi nos.*”

It was commonly believed in ancient times that storms and tempests were the work of evil spirits, and that the ringing of church bells would put them to flight. This idea probably originated in some heathen practice, for similar customs and notions exist among the heathens of Africa, India, and Asia, etc., who try to drive away devils by the sound of the tomtom or gong. However it may have first arisen in this country, it appears to have been fully recognised by the Church, one of the bells in Stoneleigh Church, Warwickshire, being inscribed :

“*Voce mea viva depello cuncta nociva ;*”

while from one of our Essex churches the writer obtained :

“*In Petre pulsatus perversos mitiga flatus.*”

Like most work which has come down to us from pre-Reformation days, the inscriptions are generally executed with the greatest care and skill, in beautiful letters and with various elegant ornaments. Each inscription has generally an ornamental cross prefixed to it, and sometimes even placed between each word ; and we often find shields and other trade-marks, as used by the various early founders, who but rarely inscribed

their names in full, the stamp having passed, like many other trade-marks, from one generation to another.

Sometimes beautifully ornamented capitals occur. Some of the finest, we are told by Mr. North, are to be found in Lincolnshire on the bells of Somerby and South Somercotes. Now and then human figures are represented, such as the Blessed Virgin with the Holy Infant in her arms, and a lily in a pot, the emblem of purity, standing beside her. Occasionally we find mistakes, which render the word difficult to decipher. Letters will be found put upside down, or a word will be divided as if into two ; while other words will be run together, and so on. It was, the writer believes, at Althorne in Essex that he found the following curious blunder :

“ an el chat cnas.”

This, read the right way, is simply Sancta Helena.

Lexden Church, near Colchester in Essex, contains one modern bell, interesting from the fact that it was cast from a very large number of common Dutch clock-bells by two artisans resident in Colchester, who had designed it for the church of their native village in Holland ; but difficulties arising as to its transmission, it was sold and hung in the tower of this church.

During the disturbances that attended the Reformation, church bells shared the general fate of



other church furniture, and hundreds were sold and melted up, it being considered sufficient that there should be one bell to call the people to service. Happily this plunder was not universal, although it was very general. Out of three hundred and ninety old churches in Essex, ninety-eight have but one bell now remaining. When times became more settled, under the long and prosperous rule of Queen Elizabeth, people began to long to hear the church bells as before; and towards the end of her reign, a new period of bell-founding set in. So among the bells of Essex, some thirteen hundred and twenty in number, we find that the greater portion have been cast between 1580 and 1780. Bells of this period are generally easy enough to recognise.

In the first place, unlike the ancient bells, they almost always have dates upon them; they more frequently bear their founder's name in full. And we very rarely find addresses or allusions to the saints, or anything which would have generally been considered superstitious. Indeed, we much fear that the "greediness of metal," when the bells were being so generally recast in the early part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, evoked a very loose interpretation of the injunction of 1547, and so consigned to the melting-pot many invaluable monumental brasses and much interesting metal furniture then remaining in our old churches. Still,

the inscriptions of this date are usually of a religious character, though the cross is generally conspicuous by its absence. A very favourite post-Reformation legend is :

“Com, Com, and pra”

the spelling not being the same in any two churches. At Harlington in Bedfordshire it is :

“Coom, Coom, and praie.”

A bell at Cury in Cornwall has the oft-repeated refrain :

“I to the church the living call,  
And to the grave do summon all ;”

while another bears the probably unique legend :

“Jesus de Nazareth Rex Judæorum.”

At Gulval in the same county one says :

“He . ring . allwaies . my . makers . prayse.”

At Burian is a late Latin inscription to the Virgin :

“Virginis egregiæ vocor Campana Mariæ, 1738.”

At Helston in the same county the principal of the six bells bears the following inscription :

“At proper times our voices we will raise  
In resounding to our benefactor's praise.  
Our voices shall, with joyfull sound  
Make hills and valleys echo round.  
To honour both of God and King.  
Our voices shall in concert sing.  
In wedlock's bands all ye who join.  
With hands your hearts unite ;  
So shall our tuneful tongues combine  
To lead the nuptial rite.”

An instance of what Mr. Ellacombe, in his “Church Bells of Devon,” terms “Jesu merci Lady

help bells," occurs at Michaelstowe ; it is very uncommon. St. George, the patron saint of England, is sometimes honoured by a bell inscription. There is one at Mylor in Cornwall marked :

"In honore Sancte Georgii."

From the time of Elizabeth to the period of the great rebellion under Cromwell, there does not appear to be any very marked change in the style of inscription, unless it be that they become less and less frequently of a religious character, and more frequently are in English than in Latin. Probably the oldest bells now remaining in Essex are those at Little Braxted, Little Wakering, Billericay, Great Burstead, Ardleigh, Aythorpe-Roothing, Margaretting, and perhaps the single bell hanging in the detached tower of the little church at Wix. In the present paper we have gained no certain footing, and await with somewhat of impatience the time when Mr. Stahlschmidt, or some other competent authority, shall tell us the story of the bells of Essex.

The bell-ringers or campanarii of early days were regarded as, and formed a distinct order of, minor clergy. The records belonging to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's preserve the names of two—Alwoldus in 1150, and Master John of Amiens about 1255.





### *THE RELIGIOUS GUILDS.*



HARON TURNER, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," says of guilds :  
"They seem on the whole to have been friendly associations, made for mutual aid and contribution to meet the pecuniary exigencies which were perpetually arising from burials, legal exactions, penal mulcts, and other payments and compensations."

In the introduction to the late Mr. Toulmin Smith's "English Guilds" a far wider definition is given. He says, "The early English guild was an institution of local self-help, which, before poor-laws were invented, took the place in old times of the modern friendly or benefit society, but with a higher aim ; while it joined all classes together in a care for the needy and for objects of common welfare, it did not neglect the forms and the practice of religion, justice, and morality."

Dr. Lingard, in his "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon

Church," tells us, "Guilds were institutions of great antiquity among the Anglo-Saxons, and in every populous district they existed in numerous ramifications. They were of different descriptions. Some were restricted to the performance of religious duties ; of others, the professed object was the prosecution of thieves and the preservation of property ; but all were equally solicitous to provide for the spiritual welfare of the departed brethren."

Religious guilds were among the earliest of the kind. Throughout the Middle Ages they existed in great numbers in every country in Europe where the Catholic religion held sway. The object of these guilds was to unite in every exercise of religion ; but, above all things, the association for the veneration of certain religious mysteries and in honour of saints. We find them everywhere placed under the patronage of the Holy Trinity, or of the Holy Cross, or of certain saints, or of some religious mystery. Their objects and organizations were everywhere identical, and for several centuries remained essentially unchanged. In honour of the patron saints and others, altars were illuminated, and prayers were said, and property of every description, including land, was bequeathed, with the object of securing the performance of these rites in perpetuity.

A guild being no doubt at first dependent upon the voluntary contributions of its members, the

royal licence was not required, nor until its members or benefactors had endowed it with land, which, by the statutes of mortmain, could not be held without the King's consent; and this was never given until after the issue of an *ad quod damnum* writ, upon which a jury was summoned to inquire whether the donation would be injurious to the rights of the Crown; and if, after due investigation, they returned, "Non est ad damnum Domini Regis et si Rex concessit," etc., the royal licence was usually granted.

From the Public Records Office the writer has obtained and translated such a warrant, granted by Edward IV., in 1478, to the Confraternity of Jesus in the parish of Prittlewell, Essex, formed at least some ten years or more before that period. It runs as follows:

"*Patent Roll. 17th Edward IV. [A.D. 1478.]*

"P, 1. m, 16.

"The King to all to whom, etc., Greeting. Know ye that we have lately understood that certain of our faithful lieges of the parish of Pritwell, in the county of Essex, being led and excited by a spirit of devotion to the love of the name of Jesus, have devotedly commenced a certain Fraternity or Guild among themselves, both of themselves and of others desiring to be of that Fraternity or Guild, and with the aid above all of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and our licence in this behalf having been requested,

obtained and had, have proposed to continue the same Fraternity; [and] on behalf of our same lieges it has been most humbly supplicated to us that, for the due foundation and establishment of the same Fraternity or Guild, we would deign to grant our licence in this behalf. We, assenting to the same supplication, of our special grace, and especially that we may subsequently become participators in so pious a work, have granted and given as much as in us is, to our beloved Thomas Montgomery, Knight, and to John Lucas, clerk, Thomas Bayen, Robert Plomer, Thomas Cok, of Pritwell, Thomas Eston, John Hacche, Robert Swete, John Broke, John Frye, Robert Thomson, Richard Kyrkeby, William Shethe, Thomas Wedde, Thomas Castelyn, Stephen Spotyll, Henry Spotell, Richard Tyleworth, and John Sterlyng, that they, or any of them, who shall survive, shall be able to make, found, erect, ordain, and establish, to the honour, glory, and exaltation of the most sweet name of Jesus, to whom is duly bowed every knee of celestial, terrestrial, and infernal [beings], a certain perpetual Fraternity or Guild of one master and two wardens, persons ecclesiastical or secular, and other persons of either sex whomsoever, desiring to be of that Fraternity or Guild, at present admitted or henceforth for ever to be admitted brethren and sisters of the same Fraternity or Guild, in the parish church of the Blessed Mary of Pritwell, in the

county of Essex, to endure for all future times ; and that the same master and wardens and brethren and sisters shall be able to augment the same Fraternity or Guild as often as, and whenever it shall hereafter seem to them, necessary and opportune ; and every year on the feast of Corpus Christi, or within the octaves of the same, they shall be able to elect and make from themselves one master and two wardens to support the burdens of the affairs touching or concerning the said Fraternity or Guild, and to rule and govern the same."

Then follow the usual clauses as to the incorporation, and a common seal, and their ability to acquire lands, etc. "And that the same master and wardens and their successors for ever shall be able to plead and be impleaded by the name of the master and wardens of the Fraternity or Guild of Jesus of Pritwell, in the county of Essex." Power is then given to make statutes and ordinances, and "to use cloth of one suit of vesture, or the badge (signo) of one suit, and to hold a meeting (conv = conventiculum) to eat and drink in a fitting place in the town of Pritwell every year." Licence also granted to acquire possession (not held of the King in chief) of land "to the yearly value of ten marks for the exhibition and support of one chaplain to perform Divine service daily in the church of Pritwell at the altar of St. Mary there,



for the good estate of the King and his Consort, Queen Elizabeth, while they live, and for their souls after their deaths, and for the souls of all the faithful departed; and for the support of other charges according to the said master, wardens, brethren, and sisters.

“Dated at Westminster, May 7.

By writ of privy seal, and of the date, etc., and for £21 paid in to the Hanaper.”

This fraternity at Prittlewell was one of the very numerous descriptions which come under the denomination of religious guilds. It is not in the least probable that its statutes exist. What the objects of such associations were may be gathered from the learned work on English guilds by the late Toulmin Smith, Esq. They may, however, be stated by the citation of one paragraph from the elaborate essay by Dr. Lujo Brentano, in which they are briefly summarized: “As Hincmar has pointed out, the *obsequium religionis* included not only devotions and orisons, but also every exercise of Christian charity, and therefore, above all things, mutual assistance of the Guild-brothers in every exigency, especially in old age, in sickness, in cases of impoverishment, and of wrongful imprisonment; in losses by fire, water, or shipwreck,” and by loans when in temporary pecuniary difficulties; dowries on marriages of females, or on their entering a

house of religion ; the burial of the dead, and sometimes even the repair of churches, roads, and bridges. It included, further, the assistance of the poor and sick, with the visitation and comfort of prisoners not belonging to the Guild. And as, in the Middle Ages, instruction and education were entirely supplied by the Church, and were considered to be a religious duty, we find among the objects of religious guilds also the aid of poor scholars, the maintenance of schools, and the payment of schoolmasters. Thus, to again quote Dr. Brentano, we find the guild standing like a loving mother providing and assisting at the side of her children in every circumstance of life, caring for them even after death, so that her ordinances as to this last act breathe the same spirit of equality among her children, on which all the regulations were founded and which constituted her strength ; for in cases of insolvency at death the funerals of poor members were to be as elaborate and equally respected as those of the rich.

In Ludlow, Herefordshire, "any good girl of the guild" had an unconditional dowry provided on her marriage, if her father were too poor to provide her with one. By others, pilgrimages to the Holy Land, to Rome, or to St. James of Compostella, were helped and honoured. One guild sent a pilgrim to Canterbury, another a pilgrim to the shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham every year, and so on.

It was not infrequent for a number of the poor to be fed on the feast-day at the Guild House. By two of the Lincoln guilds it was ordered that as many poor as there were brothers and sisters of the guilds were to be fed on bread, ale, and fish. A guild in York provided beds and attendance for poor strangers. The Guild of the Holy Cross, in Birmingham, built almshouses for the poor people of the town ; while two other similar associations charged themselves with the repair of certain highways there.

Many guilds made large contributions towards the repairs of churches ; thus the Guild of St. Andrew, at Cavenham in Suffolk, bore the charge of repair and sustentation of the church when necessary, "*ex consensu fratrum et sororum.*" A gift of the confraternity at Pampisford, in Cambridgeshire, is both curious and typical of the period. Some bushels of barley were given "to put out to increase for the use and repair of the church in the said town, which is in poor condition and partly decayed ; and as of necessity in a short time the top of this, called the roof, must be made anew, and it cannot be done without the aid of the guild, they pray for the sake of God that their goods be not disturbed."

The association at Swaffham, in Norfolk, undertook the repair of the church, and the renovation of its vestments, books, and ornaments. The guild at Hatfield Broadoak, in Essex, contributed to the

repairs of the high roads; that of St. Nicholas, Worcester, repaired the walls and bridges of that city. Some of the bequests to the Confraternity of Jesus, in Prittlewell, Essex, are peculiar, and bear reference to feasting; thus Agnes Frye, widow of John Frye, of Puttenhith (Putney, in Surrey), in her will proved on May 12, 1502, says: "Itm., I bequeithe to the aultr' of Jhu in the same church a playn table cloth conteyning iij. yardes, and the best shete that I have and a towel. Also I bequeith to the brotherhood of Jesus, in the same town of Prickiwell, my second brasse pot . . . also I bequeith to the gild of Jhu, in the said town of Prickiwell, half a dozen peut' vessels."

Notwithstanding all the prohibitions against excessive feasting, the guild statutes frequently stating that "not eating and drinking, but mutual assistance and justice were the principal objects of the guild," there is little doubt but that feasting was indulged in to a great extent, and formed as distinct a feature as it does with the municipal and social guilds of the present day. In the *Liber Niger* of the Corporation of London, there is a description of the anniversary feast of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Abingdon, from which Blomefield probably derived the following details: "That fraternity hold their feast yearly on the 3rd of May, the Invention of the Holy Cross; and then they used to have twelve priests to sing a Dirige, for

which they gave them fourpence apiece. They had also twelve minstrels, who had 2s. 3d., besides their diet and horsemeat. At one of these feasts, held in 1445, they had 6 calves, valued at 2s. 2d. apiece; 16 lambs at 12d. apiece; 80 capons at 3d. apiece; 80 geese at 2d. apiece; 800 eggs, which cost 5d. the 100, and many marrow-bones, with much cream and flour, besides what the servants and others brought in; and pageants and plays and May-games, to captivate the senses of the zealous beholders."

People of all ranks took part in these religious guilds, the members, as at Prittlewell, having a special livery, or at least a distinguishing badge, to be worn on their ecclesiastical festivals and the great feastings which were often connected with them. As we have seen at Prittlewell, women might become members of the guild; they were, however, we are inclined to think, generally the wives, daughters, or sisters of guild-brothers. They, however, shared only in the advantages and burdens of the guild, never taking part in its administration or councils. The reception of a member depended upon the whole association, pure life and spotless reputation appearing as the condition of guild freedom, the statutes demanding no other condition for admission; but each member had to pledge his or her honour, because in an association so closely united, the honour of every single member

affected as it were the honour of the whole body, and every member on entering was bound by oath to keep the statutes.

Among the valuable collection of MSS. belonging to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, dating from the thirteenth century, is the remarkable ledger of the local guild—a fraternity which erected the chapel in the High Street, for the purpose of there maintaining hourly prayers or masses for the souls of the departed *brethoryn* and *sustoryn* of the fraternity, and in which lamps were continually kept burning, and to which periodical processions were made.

The formal admission to the fraternity of this guild of the souls of persons deceased is very curious, and equally so are the fines for their admission as paid for by their representatives; for instance, in A.D. 1474, the soul of Thomas Decon, of Stamford, pewterer, was admitted on payment of seven pewter dishes and ten pewter saucers. In 1478, we find recorded the admission of John Hues, of Stratford, and the soul of Elizabeth his wife, and the souls of their parents, the fine for this family group being a shop in the *Middle Rowe*, to remain to the guild after his death. In 1534 twenty pence was paid as an entrance fee for "the soule of Thomas, foole in the family of the Lady Anne Graye."

Any person might belong to more than one

guild ; for instance, the Sir Thomas Montgomery, mentioned in the Prittlewell licence, was resident at Faulkbourne Hall in Essex, and does not appear to have had any connection, by property or otherwise, with the far distant parish of Prittlewell.

The festivals of the religious guilds, as we have seen, were usually held on the day of the patron saint ; a chief feature of them, beyond the procession and the attendance at church and the all-important feast, was generally the performance of some Scriptural piece or a miracle play. This was especially the case with the Guild of the Lord's Prayer at York, and of Corpus Christi at Beverley. In 1409 the Guild of the Parish Clerks of London performed the play of the " Creation of the World " at the Skinner's Well near Clerkenwell, after which the spectators adjourned to a great tournament at Smithfield.

Dr. Rock, in his " Church of our Fathers," etc., offers the following eloquent defence of these religious festivals and their influence on the people : " Each guild's first steps were bent towards their church, where solemn high mass was chanted ; thence went all the brotherhood to their hall for the festive dinner. The processions on the occasion, and other amusements so dear to Englishmen, when their country was merry England, were meant to be edifying and instructive, and helped religion to make her children both good and happy, through

even their recreations. This present age, with its step-mother's chill heart, dull eye, and hard iron-like feelings, that sees nought but idleness in a few hours' harmless pause from toil, and knows nothing but unthriftiness in money spent in pious ceremonial, and thinks that the God who sprinkled the blue heaven with silvery stars, and strewed the green earth with sweet-breathing flowers of a thousand hues, and taught the birds to make every grove ring with their blithe songs, and told the little brook to run forth with a gladsome ripple, all in worship of Himself, can be best and most honoured by the highest and noblest of His wonderful works—the soul of man—the more gloomy, the more mopish, the sourer it is; such an age will not understand the good which in a moral and social point of view was bestowed upon this country by the religious pageants and pious plays and interludes of a bygone epoch. Through such means, however, not only were the working-classes furnished with a needful relaxation, but their merry-makings instructed while they diverted."

The Reformation in the sixteenth century interfered greatly with the religious guilds of England. All their benevolence weighed as nothing against the cruelty and rapacity of that eminently-religious and youthful monarch of "holy and blessed memory," King Edward VI., his statesmen, courtiers, and the prelates of his time. Under



the miserable pretext of the application of the endowments to superstitious uses, an Act of Parliament was easily procured for the confiscation of all the property of these religious and charitable institutions to the King's use, or, rather, his exigencies. All these literally provident societies in the kingdom were broken up, populous parishes were deprived of an endowed assistant clergy, and a very large number of parochial schools permanently extinguished.

Only in England did such wholesale confiscation for private personal uses take place, because, although the guilds were equally abolished in all the countries in which the Reformation gained ground, we see in Northern Germany and Denmark the property and income delivered everywhere, according to the intention of the founders, to the common treasury for the poor, to poor-houses, hospitals, and schools, instead of to the private purse of a king and his rapacious courtiers.

They were not in any sense superstitious foundations. Priests might belong to them, and did so, but it was in a private capacity. These guilds were lay bodies, and existed for lay purposes—to enable those who belonged to them rightly and faithfully to fulfil their neighbourly duties as free men and women of a free country in the spirit inculcated by Scripture.

It is quite true that, as the lord mayor, sheriffs

of counties, and some, if not all, public bodies have to this day a chaplain, so these old guilds, as we have seen, took measures and made payments to bring the rites of religion more certainly within the reach of their members. Such action was one of the most natural of the consequences following from their existence and character, but it most certainly did not convert them into superstitious bodies.



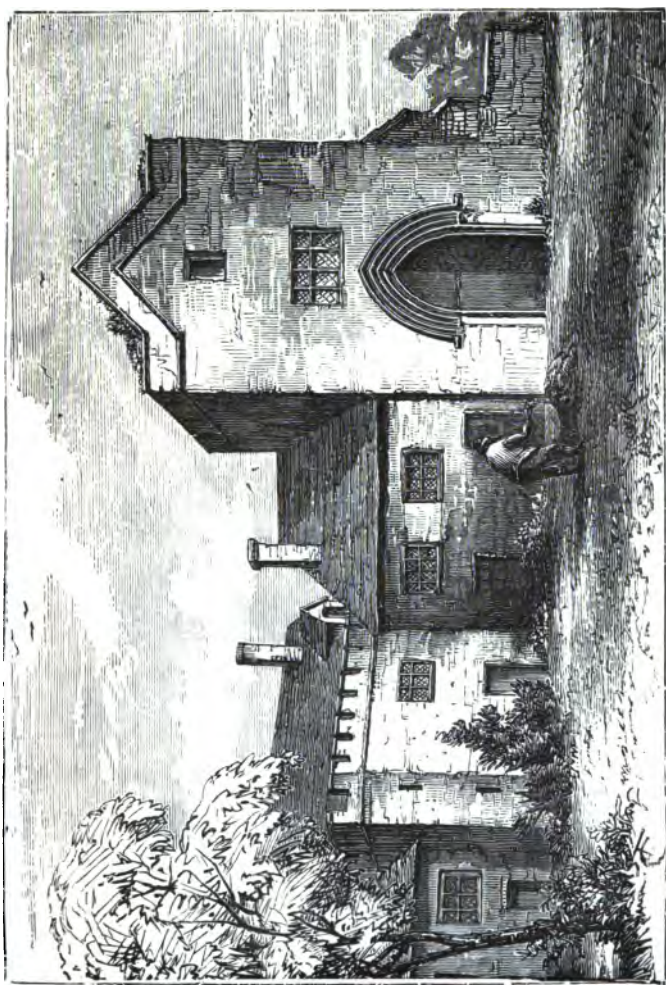


*DARTFORD PRIORY, KENT.*

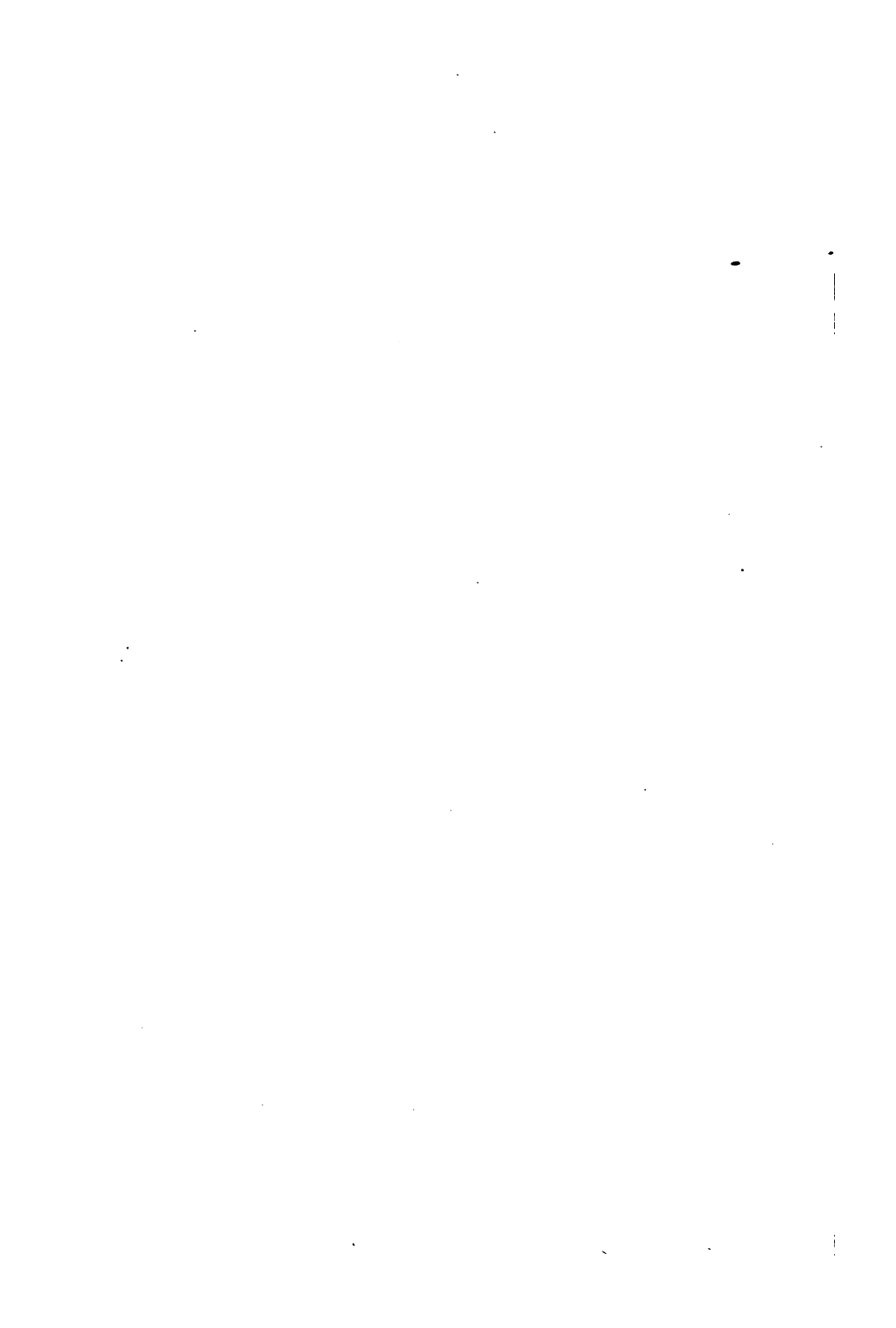


ONE of the most remarkable events during the reign of Henry VIII. was the suppression of all the monasteries throughout the kingdom. This great work of confiscation was commenced by Cardinal Wolsey, who closed a number of the smaller religious houses which were doing little good, and in which it is now quite evident many terrible abuses flourished. Prompted by his love of literature and for learned men, this pampered child of fortune seized upon the revenues of these houses for the benefit of his school at Ipswich and college of Christ Church at Oxford.

Little did the Cardinal dream of what this action of his would lead to. The rapacious monarch quickly seized the idea, and with the ready assistance of the new favourite, Cromwell, turned his attention to the dissolution of all the monasteries in the land. Commissioners were sent to visit the



DARTFORD PRIORY, KENT. (From a Sketch by Miss Bayly in 1812.)



religious houses, to inquire into their condition and to see what lands and revenues they held, and how far they fulfilled the duties for which they had been founded. The reports of the Commissioners, which were extremely unfavourable, were condensed into a Black Book, which was laid before the Parliament. Then arose a universal cry of horror throughout the country at the disclosures which it contained, and an order was issued in 1536 for the suppression of all monasteries whose income was less than £200 a year.

By this Act three hundred and twenty-six monasteries were closed, and their revenues, valued at £32,000, though really more than ten times that amount, were granted to the King, in addition to all the goods, chattels, and plate, computed to be worth at least £100,000 more. Some of the monks were received into the larger monasteries, but at least ten thousand of the religious were turned adrift to seek their living with forty shillings and a gown a man. The estates were sold at very easy rates by the King to the favoured nobility and gentry, who quickly pulled down the churches and monastic buildings for the value of the materials.

No great opposition being made to this measure, and encouraged by the profitable nature of his undertaking, Henry, two years later, devoted his attention to the greater monasteries, which soon

shared the fate of the smaller establishments. Some of the lands, it is true, were devoted to the foundation of new bishoprics, but the largest part went to pay for the King's pleasures, or to endow his favourite nobles.

This completed the work of dissolution and the abolition of the monastic orders. The whole number of monasteries suppressed amounted to six hundred and forty-five; of these, twenty-eight had abbots who enjoyed a seat in Parliament. Ninety colleges were dissolved in the several counties, two thousand three hundred and seventy-four churches and free chapels were disendowed and disestablished by this loyal Defender of the Faith, and one hundred and ten hospitals or fraternities were closed by the order of the considerate King. The whole revenue of these establishments was roughly computed at £161,000. Little thought or cared the King that a very considerable proportion of that income had been expended by the monks in hospitality in relieving and assisting the poor, and in the education of the people.

In many cases the magnificent churches and monastic buildings were stripped of their roofs, and simply let go to ruin, remaining to the present day to arouse indignation at the barbarous rapacity which reduced them to so deplorable a condition. True it is that such ruins have a fascination and a charm for the antiquary. He admires the delicate

arches and tracery, though gnarled and marred by the keen tooth of time ; but as he thoughtfully walks the bare and unroofed aisles and cloisters he cannot help thinking of the pious munificence of the founder, the genius of the ancient builder, and the architectural beauty and completeness of the building designed for the worship and service of the Almighty Creator, but slighted and despoiled by the avaricious and sacrilegious hands of an unscrupulous king.

Near the Dartford station of the North Kent Railway the traveller will notice some ancient walls surrounding garden ground upon both sides of the railway. These are nearly all that now remain of the priory of which King Edward III. by his charter, dated in the forty-sixth year of his reign, declares himself to have been the founder, dedicating it to St. Mary and St. Margaret for sisters of the order of St. Augustine, living under the direction of the friars preachers, endowing the same with the ground on which it stood and the manors of Shipbourne and Portelbrugg, in the county of Kent, besides many other possessions, notwithstanding the Statute of Mortmain.

It is more than probable that the building so dedicated had formerly been a royal residence, inasmuch as we find that during the reign of Henry III. the Emperor Frederic of Germany sent the Archbishop of Cologne with a suite of noblemen



to Dartford to demand in marriage the hand of Isabella, sister of the King of England, and that the nuptials were solemnized by proxy at Dartford previous to her departure for Germany in the year 1235. Also that in 1331, Edward III., on his return from France, held here a grand tournament, at which the great body of the English nobility were present.

This priory seems to have been possessed of large property, including land in Dartford, Stone, Swanscombe, Wilmington, and Southfleet, to which Richard II., in the eighth year of his reign, added the manor of Massingham, in the county of Norfolk, with its markets, fair, etc., for the support of a priest to celebrate Divine offices daily in the infirmary chapel, then lately built, for the benefit of the sick. These possessions were confirmed to them by Edward IV., in the first year of his reign. He also, six years later, granted a new patent of incorporation, as Hasted tells us, on account of some imperfections found in the earlier grants. It must be borne in mind that the granting of these charters and letters patent was accompanied by a payment of money by their recipients, consequently the more frequently such documents were issued, the better it was for the royal treasury. However, as a mark of special favour, Edward placed in this religious house his fourth daughter, Bridget of Eltham, at that time

only eight years of age. She afterwards became a nun, lived, died, and was buried in it.

From a deed exhibited at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries some few years since, there appears to have been some connection between the Priory of Dartford and that of King's Langley, in Hertfordshire. It is as follows: Indenture of lease, dated December 24, in the twenty-first year of Henry VIII. (1529), whereby Elizabeth, prioress of the monastery of ower Ladye and Saynt Margaryte in Darforde, in the countye of Kentte, and Rycharde, prior of the Friars Prechers, of King's Langley, and their respective convents, demise to William Halsey, *alias* Chamber, of Great Gaddesdon, their parsonage of Great Gaddesdon, from midsummer then next, for the term of thirty-one years, with cart timber, plough timber, and six loads of wood, rendering to the prior £13 6s. 8d. per annum, payable half-yearly, 10s. to the poor, and to pay "too the drynkyng for the seyd parysshe in the rogation week ijs.; and the seyde Halsey shall also fynde too the churche ij. tymys in the yere suffytient strawynge after the olde custome and manner . . . to repair buildings, and keep all the lands in sesonabyll tylthe." With like penalty and power of re-entry for default of payment as in the indenture of 1520. Reserving to John Halsey, father of William, the benefit of the lease of 1520 for the ten years unex-

pired thereof. This last clause apparently confirms an impression that the principals of the various monasteries, having some foreboding of the evil that was coming upon them, had been raising all the money that they could.

One of the duties of the Commissioners appointed by Henry VIII. was particularly to examine what leases had been granted during the previous year, as it was intended to recover what had been made away by bad bargains. The official or great seal of the Dartford Priory was a most elaborate one ; it is mentioned by Dugdale, and has been found attached to various deeds. The impression in the possession of the writer is oval in form, and bears the following device : Under a canopy is the figure of St. Margaret, with a shield upon either side, bearing quarterly the ancient arms of France and England. Beneath the figure of St. Margaret is a niche, containing the effigy of the royal founder, Edward III., crowned and armed, wearing a jupon adorned with the arms of England and France ; he is represented kneeling and presenting a church. Around the seal is the customary legend in Gothic characters.

According to Hasted and other authorities, several ladies of noble birth have been "prioresses and religious" in this house. Among them may be named :

The Princess Bridget, daughter of Edward IV.

The Lady Joan, daughter of the Lord Scroope.

The Lady Margaret, daughter of the Lord Beaumont.

The Lady Katharine, widow of Sir Maurice Berkeley.

In order to secure themselves, the prioress and convent of Dartford, by their deed dated May 14, anno 26 King Henry VIII., signed to the act of succession and the King's supremacy; but all in vain—the evil day came to them as to their brethren, and with it the inevitable surrender of house, lands, and all possessions into the hands of the King. The Priory, at its suppression in 1536, was valued, according to Dugdale, at £380 9s. 0½d. per annum. Its then prioress, Joan Fane, was graciously allowed a pension of £66 13s. 4d., and the nuns—Elinor Wood, Elisabeth Cresnore, Mary Blower, Elisabeth White, Mary Bentham, Katharine Eflyn, Dorothy Sydley, Alice Grenesmyth, Elisabeth Exmewe, Elisabeth Seygood, Matilda Fryer, Katharine Garrett, Agnes Roper, Anne Bosome, Alice Davye, Alice Bostocke, Margaret Warner, Agnes Lego, and Katharine Clovell, who were with her, sums varying from forty shillings to six pounds a year.

The King kept the house and gardens in his own possession, as being a residence fit for himself and successors. Queen Elizabeth occupied it for two days when making a visitation through Kent. In 1549 it was granted, in exchange for other lands, by

Edward VI., to the Lady Anne of Cleves for the term of her natural life, or for so long as she should reside in the kingdom, the rent reserved being £18 6s. 1½d. Upon this unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, lady's decease, Queen Mary presented it to the restored monastery at King's Langley, thus renewing the former connection; but on its dissolution again in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, it once more reverted to the Crown, and so continued until James I. passed it in exchange for other property to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury.

The suppression of the religious houses gave rise to a general discontent, for it was said there was no reason to destroy the whole for the sake of some vicious persons who ought to have been expelled and punished; and it was thought strange to see the King devour what his ancestors and people had dedicated to the honour of God and His saints. Every class was affected—the nobility and gentry who provided for their younger children or friends and relatives by putting them in those sanctuaries were painfully sensible of their loss. The lands held by the nuns and monks were in many cases purchased by land-jobbers—men who had made money in trade, and setting up as country squires fed sheep instead of growing corn. Fewer men being required for pasture than for tillage, the labourers were thrown out of work, and wages became reduced.

The Romanists, who thought their relatives must now be still in purgatory without that relief which the celebration of Masses procured them, were, as a matter of course, out of measure offended at the King's high-handed proceedings. Though luxury, oppression, and a hatred of religion had overrun the higher rank of people, who gave a countenance to the Reformation merely to rob the Church, the inferior class were so much in the power of the priests, who were still, notwithstanding their outward compliance, Papists in heart, that they fostered great prejudices against such reformers and their work.

There is a legendary account of an earlier nunnery at Dartford, ravaged and burnt by the Danes, in which it is stated that among the inmates who were cruelly murdered was Editha, daughter of one of the Saxon kings. But of this erection nothing is known, it having, like the "baseless fabric of a vision, left not a rack behind." Indeed, looking down upon the scanty remains of the third Edward's monastic foundation at Dartford, it seems hard to believe that

"Such things were here as we do speak about."





### THE NORMAN CASTLES.

"I do love these ancient ruins,  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history."  
WEBSTER.



O little were the early English a castle-building race, that at the time of the Domesday Survey there appear to have been only thirty of these structures in all England that were not built by the Conqueror himself or his chief barons and vavassors.

Sir William Dugdale, in his "History of Warwickshire," says, "In those days (pre-Norman), were very few such defensible places as we call castles, that being a French name, so that though the English were a bold and warlike people, yet for the want of the like strongholds they were much the less able to resist their enemies." So, too, Grose, in his "Antiquities," quoting Agard, says, "I read in the 'History of Normandy,' written in French, that



GATEWAY, COWLING CASTLE, KENT.





when Sweyn, King of Denmark, entered the realm against King Alred, or Alured, to avenge the night slaughter of the Danes, done by the Saxons in England, he subdued all before him, because there were no forts or castles to withstand or stop him, and the reason yielded is because the forts of England, for the most part, were built after the Normans possessed it." Other early writers make the same assertion, so that, though undoubtedly the Romans had erected strong castles of stone, like the great fortresses at Rutupiæ and at Gariannonum, they had by reason of the frequent internal wars, and by the general occupation of the masons during the periods of peace in erecting minsters and churches, been permitted to fall into decay, if not utter ruin.

Speaking of these structures in his "History of the Conquest," Mr. Freeman says: "The building of castles is something of which the English writers of that age speak always with a kind of special horror. It is reckoned among the chief grievances of the reign of the Conqueror, and the anarchy of the time of Stephen. Both the name and the thing were new. To fortify a town, to build a citadel to protect it, were processes with which England had been long familiar. To contribute to such necessary public works was one of the three immemorial obligations from which no Englishman could free himself; but for a private landowner to

raise a private fortress was something to which Englishmen had been unaccustomed, and for such a structure the English language had hitherto contained no name. But now the tall, square, massive donjon of the Normans—a building whose grandest type is to be seen in the Conqueror's own Tower of London, and in the more enriched keep of Rochester—began, doubtless on a far humbler scale, to rear itself over the dwellings of Englishmen. Normandy had, during the minority of William, been covered with such buildings, and his wise policy had levelled many of them with the ground. Such buildings, strange to English eyes, bore no English name, but retained the French designation of *château*. Such a castle at once became the centre of all kinds of oppression. Men were harboured in it, and deeds were done within its impregnable walls, such as could find no place in the open hall of the ancient English *thegn*."

We can well imagine with what dismay our remote forefathers beheld the rapid multiplication of these keeps and battlemented walls, from the summits of which their most deadly enemy could reconnoitre the surrounding country and houses with an eye keen to detect the existence of anything at all worth appropriating. The private fortress, a thing neither seen nor allowed before, became now a familiar feature of the landscape, each so placed with regard to the other as to render

alternate aid in case of general attack. They rose like the "dragon's teeth" from the earth; and it must be confessed that the victorious Normans evinced much good taste in the selection of sites for the erection of their strongholds, whose remains on many an elevated mound throughout England form the most interesting and picturesque relics of those unhappy days. The battered and shapeless walls, whose ivy-clad ruins still remain to us,

"Flinging their shadows from on high,  
For Time to count his ages by,"

remind us of the period when, despite the promise given by the new-made king to be their loving lord, our ancestors were reduced to so degraded a condition that it was accounted shame to be called an Englishman, and there were in England as many kings, or rather tyrants, as there were castles, the owners thereof soon arrogating to themselves royal power, not only within the walls of the castle, but likewise over the surrounding country, arbitrarily seizing forage and provision for the subsistence of its garrison, composed of hired mercenaries from over the sea, in sufficient number to awe and command the services, however unwillingly rendered, of the enslaved natives. The change was great, and the transition a violent one, from the spacious, open hall of the English thegn or earl to these high keeps, whose strong and dreary walls presented a defiant and exclusive isolation that well expressed the dis-

position of the Norman. So typical are they in their very massiveness of the overbearing and utterly crushing influence of the Conqueror, compelling the enslaved English to labour in the erection of such strongholds, to contain and guard treasures once their own, and destined to become dens wherein such tortures were inflicted upon themselves and their fellows, that even Nero contrived nothing more horrible.

In the dungeons of these castles during the reign of Stephen, their lords "hung the English men and women by their feet, and smoked them foully; while others they suspended by the hair or thumbs, with burning pitch beneath their feet. With the groans of such sufferers mingled the faint moan, perhaps of some wretched one laid in a chest with sharp and heavy stones pressing upon and breaking every bone. And high above all would, perhaps, rise the piercing shriek of those whom, through confinement in pits dark and deep, with no companion save snakes, toads, and adders, dread fear had driven mad. No wonder that at such a period men said that Christ and His Saints slept." The well-known motto, that "an Englishman's house is his castle," is said to have borne significant allusion to these frowning strongholds of open tyranny and secret crime, in accordance with the Horatian maxim,

"Hic murus aheneus esto,  
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ palleescere culpâ."

Erected at first to protect the monarchy, they at length became a menace to its power, and so numerous were they, that it is well known that before the death of King Stephen, in 1154, they were nearly twelve hundred in number; although many had, in fulfilment of a treaty between Stephen and Henry of Normandy, been pulled down. The following table prepared by that eminent authority on Norman military architecture, Mr. G. T. Clark, F.S.A., of Dowlais, shows the number of such castles, or remains thereof, known to be now existent in England. He tells us that there are in

	Castles.		Castles.
Bedford ... ..	2	Lincoln ... ..	11
Berks ... ..	7	Middlesex ... ..	1
Bucks ... ..	2	Monmouth ... ..	14
Cambridge ... ..	2	Norfolk ... ..	6
Cheshire ... ..	8	Northampton ... ..	4
Cornwall ... ..	21	Northumberland ... ..	51
Cumberland ... ..	22	Notts ... ..	4
Derby ... ..	6	Oxon ... ..	4
Devon ... ..	18	Rutland ... ..	2
Dorset ... ..	11	Salop ... ..	13
Durham ... ..	13	Somerset ... ..	9
Essex ... ..	9	Stafford ... ..	12
Gloucester ... ..	7	Suffolk ... ..	10
Hants ... ..	16	Surrey ... ..	5
Hereford ... ..	29	Sussex ... ..	9
Herts ... ..	4	Warwick ... ..	6
Hunts ... ..	4	Westmoreland ... ..	13
Kent ... ..	39	Wilts ... ..	9
Lancashire ... ..	7	Worcester ... ..	7
Leicestershire ... ..	5	York ... ..	39

Erected at a period when gross tyranny reigned supreme, and the only law was

“That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can,”

they serve as memorials of a despotism that civilization has overthrown, as mementoes of misery and rapine; in the words of an eminent antiquary, “now transposed from bitter endurance to the pages of history.” They stand not as they once were, a congruous whole, but relics; and as such well worthy that loving care which it is the honour and privilege of our age to devote to those edifices which have been handed down to us among our most precious inheritances. Shadowed by ancient trees, their venerable walls show all the harmony of colouring grown gray beneath the touch of Time, every stone a text to those who would meditate, to those whose thoughts are somewhat removed from the narrow shoal of earth and time on which we stand and have our being. Stained though such fabrics may be by the deeds of unrelenting and merciless men, still may their tottering walls be long preserved from entire destruction to teach us to cherish the privileges which we of the present day so freely enjoy—to afford a sequestered spot, where the lover of silent nature may gather up those broken lines of beauty so tempting to the eye of the artist, and so charming when traced

upon his canvas, and where the exploits of chivalry and the fictions of legendary lore may become idealized by the fancies of the poet.

We can imagine the long stately array of armour-clad knights during the reign of the third Edward issuing from the portcullis with waving plumes and glancing spears, eager to play their part—

“ Seeking the bubble reputation ”

in some great tournament. Picture to ourselves the rude but open-handed hospitality dispensed within their walls ; see the huge masses of fresh and salted meat spread upon the long, bare oaken table, the floor of the great hall strewn with rushes, among which the dogs searched and fought for the bones and fallen scraps, and so weave, with aid of fancy's eye, a tale of early chivalry. Later on, when civilization had more advanced, it requires no great stretch of imagination to depict the issuing from its portals of the knight on his proud steed, and the lady upon her gentle palfrey, attended by esquire and page, falconer and groom, to watch the well-trained hawk battling in mid-air with the heron. What tales the massive walls might tell of warlike deeds, of pageants gay, of deeds of crime wrought by tyrant's cruel will, or of wassail stained with blood ! The owners and occupants who trod of yore these



castles old—the baron stern, the noble dame, the warrior brave—all are now dead and gone. Grandeur and strength long passed away, the walls now in ruins, moss-covered and hoary, are fast crumbling to dust like their lords in the grave. It is only during the periods when military buildings were in the hands of the Crown that we are likely to ascertain any facts respecting their condition, because official surveys were made at those particular times, and the result of such inquiries carefully stowed away among the national documents, and have been so preserved to us, hence there exists a paucity of reliable information respecting the private castles, or, more properly speaking, fortified mansions of a somewhat later date. This description of building belongs rather to domestic than military architecture, although many of them present a very warlike appearance, and were stoutly defended on behalf of Charles I., when fanatic Puritan dared designate his king “The man,” nor stayed till he his hand imbued in the royal martyr’s blood.

The licences to fortify these really manor houses were granted by the king. The permission given by Richard II., in 1380, to Sir John de Cobham to fortify his manor house at Cowling, in Kent, ran as follows: “Rex omnibus ad quos, etc., salutem. Sciatis quod de gracia nostra speciali concessimus

et licenciam dedimus, pro nobis et heredibus nostris, quantum in nobis est, dilecto et fideli nostro Johanni de Cobeham, quod ipse mansum manerii sui de Coulyng in comitatu Kancie, muro de petra et calce fortificare, firmare et kernellare, et mansum illud sic fortificatum, firmatum, et kernellatum, tenere possit, sibi et heredibus suis in perpetuum sine occasione vel impedimento nostri vel heredum nostrorum justiciorum, escotorum, vicecomitum, aut aliorum ballivorum seu ministrorum nostrorum quorum cumque. In cujus, etc. Teste Rege apud Westmonasterium, x die Februarii. Per breve de privato sigillo." Upon one of the towers of this castle is, or was, a brass plate bearing the following inscription :

" Knoweth that beth and shall be  
That I am made in help of the contre,  
In knowing of which thing  
This is charter and witnessing."

In like manner Henry III., in 1231, authorized Hubert de Burgh to build a stronghold at Hadleigh, in Essex, some interesting ruins of which still exist. The following is a translation of the document, now safely housed in the Public Record Office :

" Patent Roll, Henry III., A.D. 1231.

" The King to all to whom these present letters shall come, greeting. Know ye that we have

granted for us and our heirs to Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, our Justiciary of England, and Margaret, his wife, that they may at their will construct for themselves and their heirs of the same Hubert and Margaret descending, or other heirs of the same Hubert, if it shall to the heirs descending from the same Hubert and Margaret to die, without contradiction and difficulty, a certain castle at Hadleigh, which is of the honour of Rayleigh, which honour we formerly gave, and by our charter confirmed to the same. In witness, etc. Witness the King at Westminster, the 28th day of November."

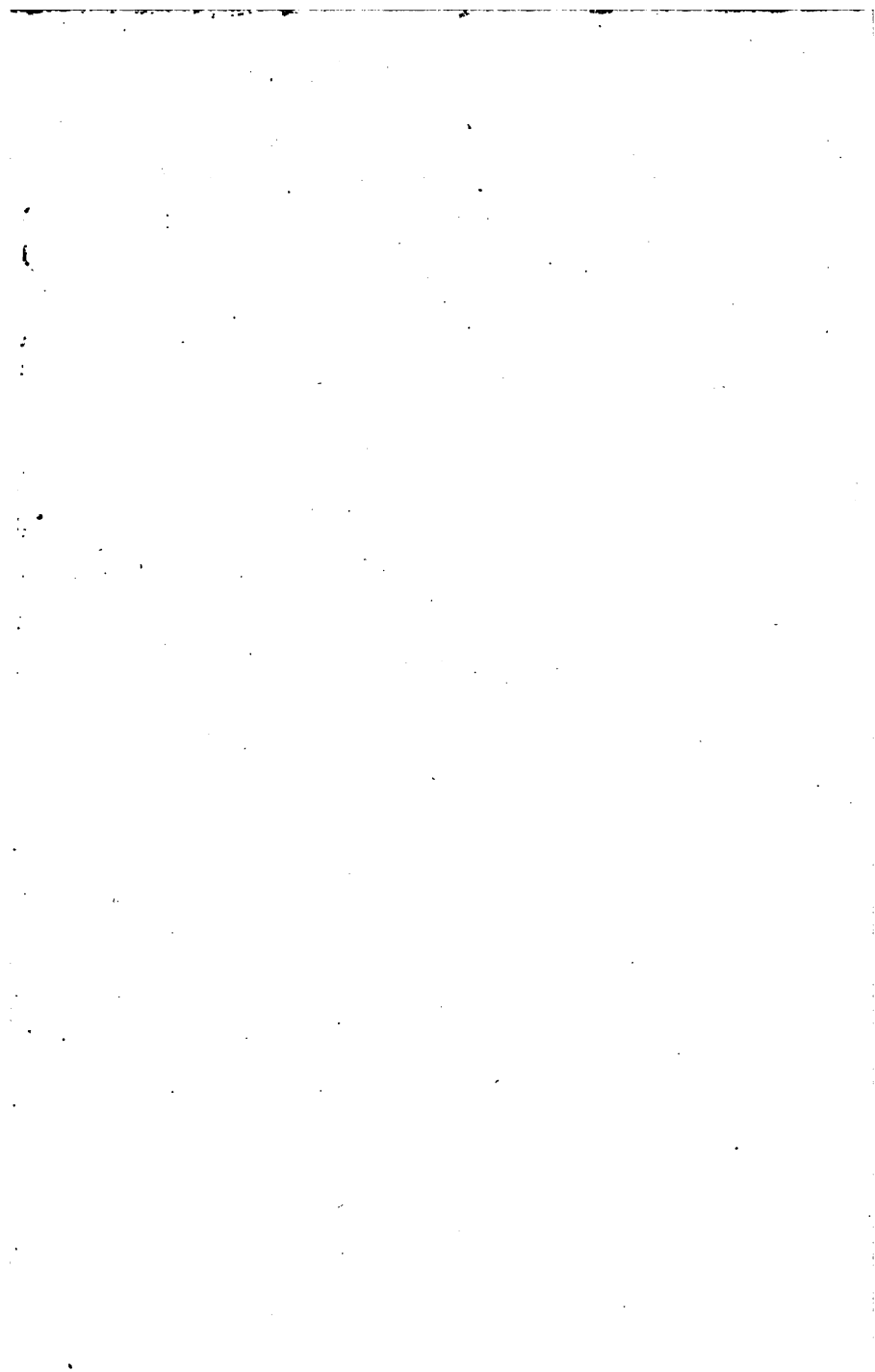
Mr. Clark tells us, that "William and his barons evidently employed two kind of castles—one always in masonry, and one very often in timber." Where a castle was built in a new position, as in London, or where there was no mound, natural or artificial, they employed masonry, and chose as a rule for the keep, the rectangular form; but when the site was old, and there was a mound, as at Lincoln, Huntingdon, Wallingford, or York, they seem to have been content to repair the existing works, usually of timber only, and to have postponed the replacing them with a regular shell-keep till a more convenient season, which, in many cases, did not occur for a century. The building of a Norman castle required both time and money. "The archi-

pects, overlookers, and probably the superior masons, had to be brought over from Normandy, and, in many cases, the stone for the exterior ;” the masonry of the keep was always superior to that of the remaining portion of the erection. The ditch of a Norman castle was generally a wet one. Henry II. was a great builder of castles, but this does not refer to new buildings, of which he erected but few ; his work consisting principally of the completion or addition of new keeps to old castles, as at Dover. The “*castra adulterina*,” of which so many were built during the reign of Stephen, and destroyed by his successor, are supposed to have been generally constructed of timber, or to have been merely walled enclosures, few of them represented the chief seat of large estates. In royal castles, and others the *capita* of estates and residences of the greater barons, great attention was paid to domestic comfort and even splendour. Mr. Clark says, in his great work on “*Mediæval Military Architecture in England*,” “In those days, when the keep was the citadel, and not infrequently used as such, prisoners were not kept within its walls. There were commonly three floors—the basement for stores, the central one contained the principal apartments, while the upper floor was either for the soldiery, or a bedroom for the lord ; the walls are ordinarily from ten to twelve feet thick. Mural

towers formed a feature of the castles of this date ; these served to flank or strengthen the ancient wall. "They were used to cap an angle or to flank a gateway." Castles for purely military purposes were much neglected in times of tranquillity, and only refitted and strengthened when necessity arose.

THE END.

*Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London.*





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